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THE RIGHT REPLY TO HITLER

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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RE-DRAWING THE MAP OF EUROPE

IF you call in the devil to your aid, the devil demands his price. While Hitler shouts to the West, Stalin advances in the East. The Finns are his latest victims. After a good deal of hesitation they have agreed to send an envoy to Moscow to learn their fate. Meanwhile, they are preparing for the worst, by calling up some classes of their reserve, and by evacuating women and children from their defenceless towns, Helsingfors and Viborg. A country with a population of less than four millions, which possesses only the nucleus of an air-force, could make no effective resistance to a Russian invasion, but it might yet decide to make a stand rather than surrender. Its best defence is the sympathy it enjoys in Scandinavia and the respect its civilisation commands the world over. How much Stalin means to exact is not yet known. It is believed that he demands military possession of Hogland and some smaller islands in the Gulf of Finland, and also of the Aaland Isles, or some of them. If this be all, it would not gravely impair Finnish independence, and it would give the Russians complete control of the Baltic.

It is not known whether Russia demands, in the case of Finland, the kind of "alliance" amounting to a protectorate that she has imposed on Esthonia and Latvia. The former of these States will have to admit a Russian garrison of 20,000 men, which, with aerial mastery, means political subjection. Lithuania, on the other hand, is highly favoured, for she will regain her ancient capital, Vilna, and a considerable stretch of Polish territory with it. A Russian garrison will, however, remain in Vilna and it is said that the Russians propose to build a fortified line along the Prussian-Lithuanian frontier. Lithuania becomes, in short, the military outwork of the Soviet Empire. Hitler must be uneasily aware that his new partner is already doing Soviet propaganda in East Prussia, and that even economically Stalin is no very wholehearted ally. The U.S.S.R. is even now signing a trade pact with Britain.

German propaganda is making, through neutral channels, the very curious suggestion that Hitler has deliberately sacrificed the Baltic States to Russia in order to warn the West that it has now to face the red peril. Unless England and France make peace promptly, Communism will be on the march. The same tactics may account for the story that Russia is about to oblige Germany by invading Persia. She would occupy its oil-field which supplies our navy, and that of Mosul also. The same motive, fear of the red wrath to come, is offered as the explanation of the forced recall, with a few days' notice, of all Germans by race or allegiance in the three Baltic States. They are to be accommodated in the

former Polish Corridor. These Germans are now a mere remnant of an ancient settlement due first to the Teutonic Knights and later to the Hanseatic League. They were harsh if intelligent landlords, but they were also Lutheran pastors, teachers and merchants. They did much to civilise these backward regions, and their upper class supplied the Tsarist army and bureaucracy with its most capable human material. To Riga and Reval (Tallinn) they gave an essentially German culture. They lost their lands and much of their wealth after the last war, and played no political part in the Baltic States, save as a vehicle for Nazi propaganda. Their hurried departure is an ugliest detail in the Totalitarian future that Hitler and Stalin are planning for Europe.

How far have Hitler and Stalin planned to redraw the map of Eastern Europe? Is it true that Stalin is fully collaborating in the gigantic scheme for redistribution of populations that Hitler seems to have in mind? According to report the Latvian, Esthonian and Tirolese schemes (already in execution) are only a beginning. The ethnographic map is to be completely redrawn. Interesting evidence of Hitler's intentions in Czechoslovakia is given in a remarkable letter which we publish this week. The Czechs and Slovaks, or many of them, are to be expelled from their country and carried into Babylonian captivity in Russia. The void—or some of it—will then be filled with the German minorities settled in Rumania, Hungary, Jugo-Slavia and the Tirol. The Hungarians in Rumania will also be driven into Hungary proper. Somewhere on this chessboard, perhaps in Bessarabia, the Jews are to be accommodated. A brief mention of the Czechs by the Russian wireless hints some confirmation of this scheme. But the scale of this plan renders it barely credible. It is, moreover, hard to believe that Russia can admit millions of men who would bring with them a Western and far from communist outlook. The cruelty of a proposal to divorce peasants from soil their ancestors have tilled for centuries needs no underlining. It is the conception of a mind crazed with the obsession of race. That Hitler entertains it, is clear from his last speech to the Reichstag. But race is not Stalin's monomania. It may be said that these migrations would finally settle all the problems of nationality in Europe. If so, it would be at the cost of abandoning the effort to live together in mutual tolerance. The German colonies in the East were, moreover, centres of cultural diffusion in somewhat benighted regions.

Meanwhile, the difficult negotiations with M. Sarajoglu at Moscow are at last concluded. Russia gets what she chiefly wanted: the Turks will continue to keep the Dardanelles closed. In the Black Sea Turkey joins the Russian League of Neutrals, but with the proviso that she will oppose aggression in the Balkans by any third Power. This forbids an attack by Germany, Bulgaria or Hungary on Rumania. But what would be Turkey's duty if Russia and Germany jointly invaded Rumania? The treaty does not interfere with Turkey's obligation under her pacts with Britain and France, already initialed, to resist aggression in the Mediterranean, which means that she will reinforce the inclination of Italy, already strong, to remain a neutral.

India's Warning

The Viceroy seems now to have completed his consultation of all the Indian leaders from Mr. Gandhi and Mr. Nehru down to the head of the Eurasian community. We hope that a peculiarly sinister leading article in the *Times* fails to reflect the intentions of the Government. It begins by summarising the document which it has never published, in which Congress challenged us to give to India that democracy for which we are fighting in Europe. It conceded that Congress won at the provincial elections a majority over India as a whole. It then goes on to enumerate the many minorities, large and small, who are all assumed to dissent from the demands of Congress. The conclusion appears to be that nothing can be done. In the crudest way the divisions between Hindus and Moslems are thus exploited to refuse any form of national self-government. The *Times* appears to forget that the whole federal scheme has been suspended for the duration of the war. Is nothing to take its place? Meanwhile, the full Committee of Congress has adopted by a large majority the resolution of its Working Committee. It suspends action till the negotiations with the Viceroy are completed. If these result in no agreement, "conflict," as Mr. Nehru put it in his concluding speech, is inevitable. Congress on this view cannot be "neutral": either it backs the Government in the war, or it resists. This was a fairly clear warning that we may be facing the renewal of civil disobedience.

The Neutrality Bill

The first important vote in the United States Senate on the proposed neutrality legislation was taken on Tuesday, when Senator Tobey, a Republican from New Hampshire, attempted to divide the Bill into two; in order to separate the provisions repealing the arms embargo from the "cash-and-carry" clauses. If this had been agreed to, the main "cash-and-carry" provisions would probably have had a fairly easy passage, whereas the proposed modification of the embargo would very likely have been indefinitely shelved. Senator Tobey's amendment was, however, heavily defeated—by 65 votes to 26; and the Bill will go forward intact to further debate. The amendment was, indeed, generally regarded as a political manoeuvre; and only the die-hard isolationists supported it. The opponents of the removal of the embargo will not be deterred from going on with their resistance; but this first trial of strength undoubtedly improves the Bill's chances. There is now a proposal that the prohibition of the carrying of supplies in American vessels to countries at war shall be geographically limited, so as to exclude the Pacific; but it is too soon to say how opinion is shaping on this issue. Probably the Bill as a whole will pass in the end; but the struggle over it is likely to be prolonged.

No Economic General Staff Yet

The appointment of Lord Stamp to act as "adviser on Economic Co-ordination," whatever that may mean, is all very well in its way; but it is no answer at all to the demand for an Economic General Staff to take supreme charge, subject to the War Cabinet, of the economic direction of affairs. Nor is the appointment of a committee of departmental Ministers, with the Chancellor of the Exchequer as chairman, any answer: for the main point made by the advocates of economic co-ordination is that Ministers heavily burdened with departmental work cannot possibly have time to plan or to review the economic

situation as a whole. Moreover, the Chancellor's main job is finance, and not the organisation of supplies, or industry, or trade; and we have yet to learn that Sir John Simon has any qualifications for adding the general planning of the economic side of the war to his heavy responsibilities in organising war finance. There would be much to be said for making Lord Stamp head of a planning department—on condition of course of his giving up his numerous other activities—but his appointment as "adviser" looks very like a mere evasion of the problem, especially in view of Sir John Simon's refusal to answer questions about his position or duties in his new office.

Farm Wages and Farm Prices

The Minister of Agriculture has been holding important conferences this week with the National Farmers' Union and the two Unions organising agricultural workers. As a consequence, it is understood that arrangements are being made for regular consultations between the Minister and the two groups together, instead of separately, and that pledges have been given that the Trade Unions will be fully consulted when matters of farming policy are under consideration. The Trade Unions are now pressing for an extension of the powers of the Agricultural Wages Board, so as to enable it to lay down a national minimum wage below which no county committee would be allowed to go. This would restore to the Wages Board much the same authority as it was able to exercise under the Corn Production Act of 1917. The farmers, who are now considering their attitude to this proposal, have pointed out that their views about wages must depend on what the Government is intending to do about agricultural prices. In view of the announced intention to purchase farm crops on Government account, the connection is evidently very close; and we believe consumers will be ready to acquiesce in prices which will yield the farm workers a decent living wage—always provided, we hope, that the farmers are not allowed to use the wage increase as a pretext for exacting additional profits.

Fuel Rationing

The miners' M.P.s, reinforced by a number of Conservatives, scored heavily in the course of the debate on fuel rationing. They wanted to know what is the point of rationing fuel to consumers, under conditions which are bound to cause much inconvenience and not a little hardship, while there are still, especially on the North-East coast, large numbers of miners out of work. Other speakers pointed out that the Government's demand for a large increase in the output of by-products from gasworks does not appear to square with the insistence that consumers shall cut by 25 per cent. their consumption of coke and gas. Mr. Lawson pointed out that there was no fuel rationing in the last war, even though the French coal mines were in German hands. Mr. Lloyd's answer, on the Government's behalf, was concerned mainly with transport difficulties. The unemployed miners are largely in the exporting districts; and there is difficulty in transporting increased quantities from these districts to the consuming markets. For the time being, this answer may have some validity, especially in relation to coastwise transport; but it is hardly a sufficient answer. Surely the idle miners could be employed in building up stocks to be transported as soon as possible; and the consumers could be given an assurance that their rations will be as large as they can be made without danger to other essential services. There is a good deal of feeling at present that the rationing scheme as it stands is another piece of bureaucracy, not really made necessary by any shortage of supplies.

Evacuation Problems

It will be curiously ironical if the evacuated schoolchildren, having been kept out of London and other large towns while there were no air raids, are allowed to come drifting back in large numbers just when there is a serious risk that the raids will begin. This, however, is likely to be the effect of the Government's decision to ask the parents to pay 6*s*. per week per child (or more where they can afford it) towards the 9*s*. a week received by the householders on whom the children are billeted. It is no doubt announced that there will be means whereby parents who cannot afford these charges will be relieved of them wholly or in part. But it is not known on what principles this relief is to be given; and so drastic an extension of the Means Test is bound to lead to great administrative difficulties. A good many parents were getting restive about evacuation even before the announcement was made; and there are likely to be numerous removals under the new conditions. Moreover, it will be pertinently enquired why it costs so much more to maintain an evacuated child than the Government allows for the maintenance of the same child under unemployment insurance or the U.A.B. The evacuation policy has never been thought out in relation to a prolonged war; it must be thoroughly overhauled in the light of the experience of the last six weeks. At the most, parents should not be called upon to pay compulsorily more than the U.A.B. would allow for the child's maintenance at home.

AUTUMN BOOKS NUMBER

Next week's issue will include a selected list of books to be published this autumn, as well as a number of additional reviews.

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Most readers will have noticed the smallness of the piles of newspapers on the bookstalls this week. This is because the newsagents are now allowed to return for credit the "unsolds" up to only a very small percentage of their order. In practice this means that unless you place a definite order for this paper, you may find it impossible to obtain your copy.

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THE RIGHT REPLY TO HITLER

In this fantastic and incalculable situation there are some indisputable facts which we should do well to face.

First there is a hopeful fact—that no two Great Powers care to begin bombing each other. Germany, Moscow, London and Paris all know that once the slaughter begins, the situation will pass beyond their control and that victory in the old-fashioned sense of one nation imposing its will on another is highly unlikely. Here Hitler's words echo Mr. Chamberlain's—a war to reduce the cities of Europe to ashes and to prove in every country the astonishing capacity for endurance among the population, but to end no one knows how or when. Hence in these days power belongs to those who own the aeroplanes. Smaller nations are wiped out or subjugated by threats. Big nations all hesitate to mix the devil's brew. To-day therefore, unless Hitler is much less calculating and more mad than we believe, there may still be weeks or months for diplomacy. We may yet spend the winter in this curious limbo, a nightmare world of suspense, with massed troops confronting huge fortresses, gallant airmen skirmishing at twenty thousand feet, ships sunk, cargoes confiscated and civilised life at a standstill.

That is the picture in the West of Europe. We may find it even more difficult to adjust our minds to the situation in the East. There vast changes are taking place. A few years ago, perhaps a year ago, it was still possible for us to play a decisive part in East and Central Europe. We missed our opportunity and do not know if it will ever recur. It could only recur after a victorious war followed by revolutions both in Germany and Russia, and even then our physical capacity to redraw the map according to our old Liberal conceptions of self-determination is highly dubious. We hoped to save Poland by our guarantee. We failed. To-day Stalin, profiting by Hitler's war in the West is advancing the frontiers of Russia, threatening his smaller neighbours, exacting, as his price for co-operating economically with Hitler, a free hand to extend the Bolshevik regime—extending it incidentally inside the Third Reich itself to the dismay of some elements in Germany and to the gratification of others. No one can prophesy the upshot. All we know is that a gigantic social revolution is taking place, ruthless and, in the first instance at least, destructive: we know that it means a change in social forces as momentous as the change in the map and that, whatever happens in the West, the day of the small sovereign State in Eastern Europe has disappeared as surely as the day of the small private capitalist.

We must coolly take stock of this new situation. An insular people, accustomed to have our way, we adjust our minds slowly to changes greater and far less easy to understand than those that followed the French revolution a hundred and fifty years ago. We should do well to begin by asking ourselves what, at home, in the part of the world still beneath our control, we want to maintain and how, since we cannot maintain anything by standing still, we can adjust ourselves to new conditions, while holding fast to the things we value.

We have in the West of Europe a mode of life, a tradition of culture and freedom which flows from the central stream of civilisation. We declare our determination to maintain it if necessary by dying for it. We are prepared to die for it. But we need more than the courage to die. We need to-day the brains to cope with the unprecedented and a capacity to meet a novel challenge to which courage alone is no adequate response.

Hitler's speech is a test of this capacity. Note the routine response of M. Daladier and of some of our own political leaders and publicists. They are content to reply that they must end Hitlerism. What, when it is analysed, does that mean? It may mean nothing except a long war to substitute Stalin for Hitler. It means, when we understand ourselves, a determination in the minds of almost every Englishman and Frenchman to live out of the shadow of the perpetual threat of war. Hence it is no use asking people, as Mr. Bernard Shaw did in the remarkable article we published last week, simply to call the boys back from the front and hope that Hitler will not begin again. Mr. Shaw was not fair to us or realistic about the situation when he said that our motive was only that of pugnacity. There are a few pugnacious fools among us; a few politicians and journalists either too young or too old to remember the last war or imagine the next. But they are only a few. We all know, now we have determined to resist, that we must somehow win a period of reasonable security, but that is not all. We should be equally sure that shouting back abusive words at Hitler is utterly futile. We have to appraise the situation and use all our brains to prevent the war turning into a war of extermination. We have to reply to Hitler in words that will maintain our own position and avert the catastrophe of Totalitarian war.

Hitler's proposals are vague, insincere and perhaps meant only for propaganda? Very well then, we should reply, as Mr. Lloyd George wisely says, with propaganda that is more subtle and sincere. We lose nothing. There is another possibility, Hitler may be in a weaker position than he seems; for the first time in his life he might even be compelled to come to a Conference in which he would not get his own way. If it should break down our position would be stronger. Hitler is not omnipotent even in Germany. In battle at the head of his vast war machine he is certainly strong. But does he or his General Staff wish to test this machine against the Maginot line and the anti-aircraft guns of Britain, and does he wish to see the Ruhr and the Rhineland in ruins, and does he so trust his own population and, above all, his new and incalculable ally Stalin, that he desires to hazard all on a desperate throw of the dice? We doubt it, but if we reply in blank negations what alternative do we leave him? We have another and a wiser course.

Surely the part of intelligent diplomacy—we write before we know the terms of Mr. Chamberlain's reply—is to reply to Hitler in terms which demand a further answer from him and which the German people, who will hear our answer, understand as the possible prelude to the peace they want as much as we. Hitler offers some discussion of the new frontiers of Poland and the new ethnographical plans he has in mind. We should discuss these matters in a blunter way than he may expect. He talks of international economic reconstruction. Our reply should be that we not only desire it, but intend it; further, that without it we are all doomed and that to avert that doom

we are in fact going to set about establishing saner economic relations with all the neighbours who will co-operate with us—including Germany, if Hitler's Totalitarianism will permit it. We have talked about internationalising our colonial system; we should ask for nothing better than to share the responsibility of administering our colonies with any States that will help in developing them for the common good. The Nazis—and some in the world who are our friends and who hate Nazidom as much as we do—twit us with India; the only answer is to grant that greater measure of freedom that we still withhold. Unless we do, we shall not have the willing co-operation of Indians in peace or in war; to grant it would do more to convince the world of our sincerity than any number of speeches about democracy.

Hitler's speech offers democracies many handles they could catch hold of, if our Ministers could see that we can never succeed against the dynamic of Nazis and Bolsheviks or maintain the sympathy of neutral States by desperately clinging to the skirts of a vanishing world in which we once were comfortable. The results of such a reply to Hitler would be incalculable. It would be difficult to ignore; difficult to use as the excuse for a military attack. The longer the delay the better chance and, incidentally, the greater our strength. Such a reply might even conceivably lead to a conference at which neutral Powers, above all, the U.S.A., would take part. Sooner or later the attitude of the United States will be decisive in this struggle. Her influence may yet be used to avert the worst catastrophe. Hitler has never yet attended a conference of equals with neutral Powers present; if he did, the results in Germany might do more to end Hitlerism than all the guns in France. If it is too much to hope, we should at least be no losers. We should rally forces all over Europe that now succumb to German propaganda; we should certainly compel Hitler to answer with unknown effects in Germany; we should see growing on our side a wave of sentiment throughout the Empire, and in the United States and in other neutral countries which would surprise us and astonish Hitler. Our reply to Hitler should be to turn his conference into our conference, open to him and to all who come. Our terms and our protocols should be on the table. That is the truest propaganda, because it would be sincere; if it failed, the world would know what we fight for. But it might not fail: it might succeed.

EDUCATION IN WARTIME

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

IT was inevitable that the complicated problems connected with evacuation should have caused some disturbance in educational arrangements. But, after five weeks of war, it is impossible to regard the picture that is unfolding itself without a considerable degree of dismay. The Government's decision to postpone its very timid measure for raising the school-leaving age condemns many fifteen-year-olders to blind-alley occupations. In great areas like London and Manchester, to take two examples only, all the schools remain closed, with no announcement of any prospective date for their reopening. Even in the reception areas, no adequate plans have yet been devised to meet the problems involved; and the situation of the universities and, indeed, of higher education generally, seems to have been handled with no grasp whatever of what is at stake.

In a large proportion of evacuation areas, schools are at work on a shift-system, so that the children have from three to four hours' teaching a day. This does not always apply to infants' schools and classes. Little attempt has been made to keep the schools as units, with their own teachers, and the necessary materials for teaching are rarely adequate to the needs. Overcrowding is common; and the maintenance of discipline is being rendered difficult by the long hours of freedom. It is hardly too much to say that the system is, at present, a make-shift chaos. Precious weeks are lost that it will not be easy to regain. There are instances where children from a technical school have been sent to areas where no technical school exists. There are others where central school-boys have been refused admission to secondary schools on the ground that they require different training. In some places one-third of the schools are running normally; in others the shift system is in operation. And in planning evacuation, especially for the older children, far too little attention has been given to the child's need for a place where homework can be done in comparative quiet. To keep two children of fifteen in an already overcrowded working-class home is not likely to produce the atmosphere in which serious study is possible.

No doubt a good many of these problems will be sorted out in the coming months. What is urgent at the moment is that the authorities should confront two problems: (i) requisitioning of empty premises for more adequate accommodation, and (ii) the prompt reopening of schools in the "dangerous" areas. The latter, we understand, is mainly a problem of A.R.P. The local councils are, naturally enough, reluctant to add to their already heavy burdens; and the Board of Education has, so far, maintained a stingy silence. It is only necessary to emphasise that several million children cannot be left without schooling of any kind during the coming winter months; and the sooner the Government makes up its mind to be bold and generous in this field the better. Wherever we economise, this is not a field where a cheese-paring policy is admissible.

In the realm of university training the situation is still more complex. Oxford and Cambridge are relatively well placed; but even they are having great difficulty in solving their problems of student accommodation in face of extensive requisitioning of buildings and the influx of students from elsewhere—to say nothing of the financial problems confronting them. The position in London is much more serious. The Government has practically forced the whole of London University to evacuate itself; and its constituent colleges have found themselves with intolerable problems on their hands. It is not only that they have lost as much as five-sixths of their normal student body. The loss of fees makes it difficult for them to make their usual grants-in-aid to promising students; and the number of these is even greater than usual by reason of the wartime unemployment that has fallen upon many homes. Many of the teachers, especially the younger ones, have been placed in a very difficult financial situation by reason of the need either to keep two homes or to travel backwards and forwards at considerable expense. So far, the Government has made no proposals of assistance except to authorise the University Grants Committee to pay the grant to the colleges at its pre-war level for the next six months. But all the colleges have been put to heavy extra expenditure through removal and the reduction in fee income. Their ability to maintain a normal life for the students who remain is jeopardised by inadequate resources and limited accommodation. And the problem has not been made easier by the descent of government departments and the military into places which the universities had already reserved in their effort to improvise some kind of effective organisation. Unless the work of teaching and research is to be gravely hampered, at a time when its extension is more than ever urgent, the Government ought quickly to make up its mind to act with courage and imagination in this realm also.

It was obviously undesirable, for instance, that London should be left without a university centre during what may prove to be a long war. Yet this was a very real danger until Birk-

beck College reached its decision, despite all the difficulties, to reopen in Central London on October 23; and even this courageous decision will leave London very badly short of the facilities which it needs. The evidence, indeed, suggests that there is a widespread demand for higher education; one such centre has already received hundreds of requests from students anxious for evening work. The colleges are anxious to do their part to meet this demand. But they are handicapped by fear of debt, by the difficulty of securing suitable accommodation, and by the difficulty of meeting, at their own charges, the formidable A.R.P. precautions in which they may be involved. It is surely possible for the Government to show the same interest in the future of university education in London as it has shown to the entertainment industry. If the colleges were given reasonable financial assurance, and the right to reopen in the evenings on the same terms as the cinemas, they would find a body of students awaiting them in a mood of new seriousness and energy of great importance in the future of the nation.

Those who suffer most from this dislocation are those who can least afford it. Most public schools are able to carry on unimpaired; and the older universities will be able to cope with all the students who can afford to go there. The sufferers will be the children of the working class both in the schools and colleges; the institutions which lack endowments will hesitate to pursue the bold policy for which the times call. The Government should act at once, that there may be some principle and stability in the making of educational policy; a good deal of the nation's future is bound up with it. An unimaginative attitude, an unnecessary delay, may do untold harm, in depriving the new generation of opportunities we cannot afford to see them lose. The sooner Parliament insists that decisions are made the better for all of us. Freedom and education are too intimately related for the latter to be sacrificed in a war that is to vindicate freedom.

A LONDON DIARY

HERE is a stroke of imagination in high places! At one o'clock every day, except Saturdays and Sundays, and at 4.30 on Tuesdays and Fridays, there is now music at the National Gallery. (Details of next week's programmes will be found on another page.) Miss Myra Hess, who has organised these concerts, and Sir Kenneth Clark, who has given them a home, deserve every congratulation. Already they must know how grateful we are, for at the first concert—though there had been little publicity—there was an audience of a thousand. I found the occasion deeply moving. On the walls the carved frames, emptied of their altarpieces, bore witness to the ravages of a war that is aimed at every token of civilisation. But as the first bars of Scarlatti sounded under Miss Hess's fingers, they seemed to reconstruct the exiled paintings. One's conviction was reinforced that the arts are an escape not from reality but into reality; these exalted edifices of sound made sense again of human life. They were the clear voice of reason in a crazy world, expelling our misanthropy. One's belief in the worth of man was thus restored—at the cost of a shilling. After the lovely Scarlatti came Bach, more massively constructed and resistant than any palpable fabric, and then the *Appassionata*, magnificently executed. Here I found myself reminded of the condition of humanity—the first movement seeming a call to fortitude, the second a dirge for those about to die, though this breaks away into abstract beauty. To-day I think many people find their finest solace in music, most of all in that which is least directly expressive of human struggles and hopes.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd George's article in last week's *Sunday Express* was a forcible appeal to us all not to lose our heads, and to attempt, before it is too late, to associate neutral countries in a conference at which Hitler would not get all his own way. The time may come when Mr. Lloyd George's efforts to-day will seem at least as well directed for the salvation of Britain as his terrific war drive of 1917. As the *Sunday Express* could not suppress Mr. Lloyd George, it headed his article with a single phrase which entirely misrepresented it. The headline ran: "Peace Attack as a Hitler War Weapon." Another Sunday paper ran an article, headed "There is hell to pay in the Labour Party," and saying that with the connivance of the *Daily Herald* the "Labour Executives" were going to expel their moderate Labour leader, Mr. Attlee, in favour of "speak-for-England-Greenwood." Mr. Greenwood is not an intriguer, and whether the Party decides that Mr. Attlee, or Mr. Greenwood, or, as many would like, Mr. Morrison, is the best leader, it is their own affair. Further, I am sure that the Labour Leaders know well enough that the one way of certainly destroying Europe is to advocate a knock-out blow and the Versailles peace. A great deal of the change of feeling in the Conservative press is due to its hatred not of Hitler, but of Stalin. To-day we all feel with a newspaper vendor, who tried to get me to buy a paper the other day on the ground that "Dirty Joe wants peace"! To which, however, the answer is that Dirty Joe is in a position to laugh at the risk of war and may hope to become the residuary legatee when less astute rulers destroy each other.

* * *

The wireless, especially the short waves is increasingly the most popular source of news; and if any Blimp imagines that short wave sets are a preserve of the rich let me tell him that the most enthusiastic listeners are persons of the lower orders who have made up their own sets; to-day, I can buy a six-valve battery set in London for the small sum of 75*s*. which brings in to me all the world from Wayne, N.J., to Tokio. And so far as I can gather there are many others like me who are just beginning to listen in seriously and connectedly. I had what I suppose the grimy young men who are past-masters in setting up sets would deride as a neophyte's triumph the other day; I got Yunnanfu, the isolated capital of Yunnan, the Chinese province which the Japs cannot reach and to which go the munitions imported both through the French Indo-China railway and the new Burma motor highway. The Chinese announcer favoured me with a bulletin of Japanese reverses, in over-correct English. He also told me of social advances by the Chinese Republic, and of the launching of 300 junks on the upper Yangtsekiang by the Vice Minister of the Interior; this he said, with incontestable truth, was probably unique "as the first time that a Vice Minister of the Interior has presided at the launching of three hundred wooden ships at one time."

* * *

I listened to his opposite number in Tokio (25.42 and 19.79 m.; both come in pretty strong) who seemed uneasy. He spoke equally good English—indeed, his accent is better, but he talks as if his mouth is full of food and when his voice clears he stops, and resumes a minute later as if he had taken another mouthful of rice. He lamented the "prevalence of foolish anti-Japanese sentiment." I also hear Chungking (25.21), Chiang Kai-shek's capital, from time to time, and the last time it perplexed me extremely by playing as a signing-off tune "The British Grenadiers," flattened out, reset and played on Chinese instruments, but unmistakable. All these stations have regular English bulletins, and frequent announcements in English telling you when to tune in for them. I have made a note of three other stations doing the same which are worth the while of the inexperienced searching for: Ankara on 31.7 metres; Rome, on 31.15 and 25.7; Moscow, on 31.51 and several other lengths. Moscow uses an English announcer who has a Cockney accent overlaid with gentility, and a general unctuousness which manages to put the worst appearance on the news.

* * *

Scotland Yard has made a report to the Government about the various kinds of peace propaganda. I hope rational argument that does not lead to an orthodox conclusion will not be confused with Hitler propaganda and that sincere pacifism will be respected in the future as it is to-day. If the war must go on, people will fight as resolutely as they have always done, and the problem will be, as it was last time, to seize the

right opportunity to stop and to have in mind at the end objects that are worthy. If it is explained to them, as it should be, that our object is to stand firmly on the defensive until there is a chance of ending the nightmare, they will learn to put up with the strain of blackouts and inactivity. They will do so far better if the news service is improved, if free discussion is allowed to proceed, if normal life is encouraged instead of discouraged, and, most important, if we use the opportunity for economic reconstruction in this country. Above all let us remember that this is a free people which will defend itself as such. It was the free people and not the Totalitarians who won the last war.

* * *

Deprived of Moscow leadership, the Communists have made so many left-about turns in a few weeks that they have become completely giddy. Harry Pollitt, the secretary, ceases to be their secretary. He is an exceptionally able and courageous man, a born working-class fighter. After his recent pamphlet about the way in which the working class could win this war in spite of the national leaders, I can well believe that he found the new Communist line difficult to support.

* * *

Here is a singularly luckless misprint from the obituary announcement in the *Times* of October 7th :—

> We announce with regret the deaths of the Labour movement in South Wales ; and the Countess of Caledon, widow of the fourth earl and mother of the present peer.

* * *

Story from Ireland. A U-boat recently wrecked a ship and landed the survivors in South Ireland. Some of them were English. Two Civic Guards discussed the problem. " We ought to intern them." " And why, I'm asking ? " " Why ? Because we're neutral." " Sure, we are ; but who are we neutral against ? "

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to G. S. Duthie.
All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

> A bride and bridegroom were carried on the same stretcher from the Methodist Church at Middle Lane, Hornsey, yesterday, after their wedding. Stretcher-party colleagues arranged this unusual form of bridal procession and formed a guard of honour.—*Reynolds News.*

> To revert to the monthly public meeting of Gillingham Town Council last Tuesday, some comment was passed by members of the public present as to why the Mayor, Aldermen and Councillors did not appear in the full panoply of their robes of office. I was subsequently informed that the members of the Council had previously decided that their heavy civic vestments would hamper them should they have to make a hurried exit from the Council Chamber to an air raid shelter if an air raid occurred while their deliberations were in progress.—*Chatham News.*

> Writing in the current issue of the Edgware Parish Church magazine, the Rector says : " I think it a thousand pities that places of amusement are opening again for Sunday entertainment. I am not here superstitious in the slightest, but I do believe an act of reverence towards God at this time shown by closing such places on His day would draw down His blessing, which may be forfeit if we act so carelessly.—*Edgware and District Times and Guardian.*

I WAS A BIOMETRICIAN

IN November, 1918, the staff of the German University of Strassburg were forced to evacuate at a few hours' notice, and although the French University of Strasbourg proved a worthy successor, the expulsion of the German professors who were unable, so it was said, to remove their apparatus and books, was regarded as a crime against learning. Perhaps we were over-sensitive in those days. Thousands of German, Austrian, and Czech men and women of learning have been expelled since 1933. Since 1936 their Spanish colleagues have undergone a similar fate. Some of the Chinese universities have been deliberately bombed. Others carry on a precarious existence under the Japanese, or in Yunnan and Szechuan. The University of Warsaw is being destroyed as I write.

Among the latest additions to the list of refugee universities is that of London. A skeleton staff has been evacuated from some of the teaching departments to Exeter, Bangor, Cambridge, and other towns. Professors who are not evacuated are still being paid, but on the principle that from him that hath not shall be taken away, many junior members of the staff, technical assistants, and so on, have been dismissed. Except in the Imperial College of Science, and a few departments in other colleges which have defied orders to evacuate, research has ceased. Libraries are closed.

In the case of the non-biological sciences the temporary cessation of research is not very serious. In my own it is fatal. Some of my pedigree stocks have found, or may later find, refuge elsewhere. Other animals of known pedigree have had to be destroyed, and many years' work will be required to build up similar stocks again. The enforced cessation of my work at least gives me an opportunity to review it. I came to London in 1933 as part-time professor of Genetics, and since 1937 have been Weldon Professor of Biometry, a science which is defined as the application of higher mathematics to biological problems. The success, such as it has been, of my department is largely due to two men, Adolf Hitler and the late John D. Rockefeller. The former provided me with personnel, the latter with money to pay them.

The department concerned itself with the details of inheritance in flies, beetles, mice, rats, and men, and also with the study of natural populations of these animals. As an applied mathematician I devised statistical methods and applied them to the work of my junior colleagues, to that published by others, and to a little of my own. My chair was endowed by the widow of the late Professor Weldon, a zoologist with a bent for mathematics, who had worked in conjunction with that great man, Karl Pearson.

Karl Pearson saw that mathematics could be applied to biology. However, his philosophy, which resembled that of Mach, but was more consistent, lead him astray to some extent. He refused to look below the surface of phenomena because he thought there was nothing to look for. " This honest and conscientious enemy of materialism," as Lenin described him (and Lenin rarely erred on the side of politeness to his opponents), collected data on inheritance in men, horses, and other animals, and attempted to describe the phenomena of inheritance in purely mathematical terms. He and Weldon were violent opponents of Bateson, Punnett, and other workers who followed up the clue which Mendel had discovered in peas. Thirty-five years ago it seemed impossible that both parties should be right. But they were. Bateson's theories, though fundamentally correct, were far too simple. Pearson's elaborate mathematical apparatus, when applied from his essentially positivistic point of view, led to meagre biological results. But once the more materialistic theory of the gene, which Morgan built up on the basis of Bateson and Mendel's work, had developed beyond its early stage, Pearson's mathematical methods proved indispensable.

I have been applying and developing them. The last paper which appeared from my department before the war dealt with the following problem. Haemophilia, a condition in which the blood will not clot, occurs in men only, but is handed down through women. A woman transmitter hands it down to about half her sons. What fraction of her daughters inherit her curse ? To take a concrete example, Queen Victoria had one haemophilic son, Prince Leopold, out of four, and two of her five daughters, namely Princess Alice of Hesse and Princess Beatrice of Battenberg, had haemophilic sons. But we cannot say that only two out of five daughters were transmitters. The other three daughters had seven sons between them. If they had had more, one of them might have borne a haemophilic son. In a group of such cases we can make the necessary allowances. And when we do we find that about half the daughters are transmitters. The calculation, however,

involves quite difficult mathematical, and above all, logical thinking.

My colleague, Dr. Philip, has been breeding wild mice. This involved a study of their psychology, for they insist on being let alone before they will breed. Mice seem to act on the Nazi philosophy. In one Scottish mine there were both white-bellied and grey-bellied mice. They will hybridize in captivity. But there were no hybrids in nature. On the other hand, a population of beetles with four colour varieties were found to have bred at random as regards colour. There had been no tendency of like to mate with like. My colleagues, Gordon, Spurway, Street, Christie and Rendel, worked with a wild species of flies all of whose members look very similar. But by inbreeding them they showed that many of them carried recessive genes which made no difference to their appearance, but showed up in their descendants as a result of inbreeding. A number of true breeding races differing from the type were established. Some of these were freaks, but others possessed characters normally found in other species. Finally my colleague, Grüneberg, studied a variety of congenital diseases, such as cataract, deafness and anaemia, in mice and rats.

Apart from its bearing on evolution, this work was mainly valuable in providing a background against which to study human problems. There is a congenital element in a great deal of human disease, yet a hundred people have worked on infectious diseases of animals for every one who has studied their congenital maladies. So much nonsense has been talked about race-crossing, racial purity, and similar topics in man that we are apt to forget that there are very real questions to be answered in this field. For example, there is certainly a Jewish problem, or rather a number of Jewish problems. Perhaps the central one is as follows. "Do the Jews, taken as a whole, differ as regards innate physical characters from their neighbours as, for example, the Red Indians of North America differ from the whites, negroes, Chinese and hybrids?" Only if the answer to this question were affirmative would there be any point in conducting research on the much more difficult problem as to whether the Jews differ from their neighbours in a similar way as regards innate psychological characters.

My department has attempted to answer such questions as these in the case of animals, where no political, religious, or social theories were likely to bias the investigators. I believe that such work, if it does nothing more, helps us in two ways with the human problem. It gives us a background, as the study of animal anatomy or animal behaviour gives us a background against which to study human anatomy and behaviour. And it enables us to test out methods on relatively favourable material.

In the same way our work on congenital abnormalities in animals, if it does not answer the problems of human eugenics, at least suggests the methods by which they may be answered. Above all, it warns us that the answer may not be simple. Some congenital abnormalities in animals can be got rid of by "sterilising the unfit," others can be reduced in frequency by preventing inbreeding. With others again, neither of these methods is very effective.

All this work is what some people call pure science, but I prefer to call long-term science, because its results, though ultimately of great importance, are not immediately applicable. The action of the authorities of London University has shown that they do not regard such work as particularly important. If, as some people believe, though I do not, our civilisation is about to collapse, they are doubtless correct. Horse racing is not, like scientific research, a prerogative of civilised peoples, and some will think that so long as pedigree race-horses continue to eat food which might be otherwise used, a war to save civilisation might respect humbler creatures which serve science. Clearly this is the opinion of a minority.

I must, however, confess that among the reasons which confirmed me in my belief that in the recent conflict the defence of Madrid was the defence of civilisation were the activities of Professors de Zulueta and Galân. At least up to January, 1938, they continued to carry on research on heredity in beetles and cucumbers within less than two miles of the trenches, and under occasional bombing and shell fire. Madrid fell, perhaps just because its people thought that kind of thing worth while, and did not sacrifice all other considerations to the successful prosecution of the war.

If I could convince myself that the dismissal of junior laboratory workers at the present time was essential for a future victory I might perhaps change my views. It may be that a large increase of unemployment at present is necessary to force real wages down when every worker is needed for munitions, and that only such a reduction in wages will secure profits sufficient to persuade our capitalists to turn out shells and guns. It is, however, equally possible that this policy will lead to such widespread discontent as to jeopardise the future conduct of hostilities. Whichever of these views is correct, London is showing somewhat less concern for scientific research than did Madrid two years ago.

J. B. S. HALDANE

IN PRAISE OF STUPIDITY

IT is reassuring to note how often the authorities have been accused of stupidity since the outbreak of war. These accusations prove that England is still England, and that she has not yet joined the expanding League of Yes-manism. The English have always shone as a nation of grumblers. They must have a grumble or die who speak the speech, etc. I remember how I myself, when I first came to England during the Boer War, became infected with the grumbling spirit. Every Sunday night I had to write the leading article in a provincial daily newspaper when the ordinary leader-writer took a night off, and every Monday morning appeared my denunciation of the authorities either for something they had done or for something they had not done—it did not really matter which. Naturally, I made full use of the great phrase of the hour, "a government of mess, muddle and makebelieve." But my happiest memory is of the leader in which I described Lord Salisbury, who had just made a speech, as having behaved "like a clown in a pulpit."

I was rather proud of that phrase, and, when the proprietor of the newspaper sent for me on Monday I imagined that this must be in order to congratulate me. To my astonishment, he shook his head grimly as he stared at the leader, and said to me: "This will never do"—the phrase that at an earlier date Jeffrey had used of the *Excursion*. "Lord Salisbury," he said, "is a great man—a man who should be spoken of with respect. What do you suppose," he asked, with a pained expression, "he will think if he takes up this paper and finds that we have called him a clown?" It was a question to which I did not know the answer. I might have assured him that there was not the slightest chance of Lord Salisbury's seeing his paper, but I realised that he might not like that. Hence, I accepted his reproof as gracefully as possible and agreed not to call Lord Salisbury a clown again. Luckily there were other public men whom it was still possible to accuse of stupidity—Lord Halsbury, Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Broderick. I fell back on one of them —I forget which—in the following Monday's leading article. I was sorry after a brief interval to have to abandon the trade of leader-writer.

Accusations of stupidity to-day differ from the accusations of those days in being directed for the most part, not against individual statesmen, but against some vague body known as "the authorities." It was the authorities, for example, who were accused of stupidity in ordering the black-out. One critic maintained that the black-out only made London more conspicuous. Others said that, as the object of a black-out was to save life, it was stupid to have a black-out so complete that people lost their lives in it. A military man wrote to a great newspaper saying that it was stupid to have a black-out at all in the rural districts, since the country was exactly the place where we should like German raiders to drop their

bombs—a point not appreciated in the villages. On the whole, however, the black-out has not been the object of so much criticism as might have been expected from a nation of grumblers. After all, no one but a fanatic wants his neighbourhood to be too visible in an air-raid.

Much more criticism was levelled at the authorities for closing the theatres and cinemas. After all, with the decay of home life, men and women must have somewhere to spend their evenings —somewhere, too, where they are out of reach of the temptation to listen to wireless bulletins from all sorts of places. The cinema, apparently, has become as necessary to the modern man as milk; it helps, we are told, to maintain his *moral*. Lord Hugh Cecil, in criticising the authorities, admitted that a cinema or theatre might be hit by a bomb and that everybody present might be killed, but he seemed to think that that would not matter much. As a result of these criticisms, the authorities have allowed the theatres and cinemas to open again. No Government, however stupid, is stupid enough to want to be unpopular.

Then came the stupidity of the evacuation. At first, everyone agreed that the evacuation had been carried out with the brilliance of a *tour de force;* and the authorities must have beamed with self-congratulation. They forgot, however, that authorities are always stupid, and that the public, or a large part of it, sooner or later finds this out. It was not long before it found out how stupidly the evacuation had been mismanaged. The authorities, it seemed, had forgotten that England contains slums which are a blot on civilisation—slums in which it is common for parents and children to be infested with vermin. Instead of arranging for a medical examination of the evacuees—what a word!—they rushed them all, clean and unclean, out into the country, and the number of the unclean was large enough to cause consternation in many a quiet village. The houses both of the clean rich and of the clean poor became the living quarters of insects that had hitherto been as strange to them as emus. A cynic said to me: "The clean rich would not have minded so much if all the verminous cases had been billeted on the clean poor, and the clean poor would not have minded so much if they had all been billeted on the clean rich. But the authorities were so stupid that they forgot to make the usual class distinctions and have united rich and poor against them as they were never united before." Here, again, the authorities have given in to public clamour. Slum children will no longer be able to give a practical demonstration to the countryside of the conditions in which the wealthiest nation in the world has left them to live. Insect-evacuation of the towns is henceforth barred.

Of all the authorities that have been overwhelmed with accusations of stupidity, the Ministry of Information, I imagine, has suffered most. Everybody takes a whack at it. Journalists go after its brush with the joy and excitement of fox-hunters. "The mumbling Ministry of Information," writes the *Daily Express*. "You know how it mutters and stutters the British case to the world. The newspapers have naturally told you a great deal about the Sealed Lips of Bloomsbury."

How I wish I were a younger man and could recover the accusatory ecstasy with which I called old Lord Salisbury a clown in a pulpit. I should rally all my vocabulary for a mass attack on the Ministry of Information. "The Ministry of Malformation," I heard it called in a public house the other day. I should call it something worse than that. I have looked up Roget's *Thesaurus* for adjectives relating to stupidity that I should use against it and have found some admirable ones—"witless, reasonless, imbecile, shallow, soft, sappy, spoony, weak-headed, weak-minded, feeble-minded, half-witted, short-witted, shallow-pated, shallow-brained, beetle-headed, dull, obtuse, stolid, doltish, asinine, addle-headed, dim-sighted, infantile, babyish, puerile, anile, fatuous, idiotic, lack-brained, drivelling, brainless, blunt-witted, beef-witted, thick-skulled, blockish, silly, puzzle-headed, muddle-headed, unenlightened, undiscerning, unphilosophical, purblind, pig-headed, mulish, besotted, rantipole, crack-brained, shatter-brained, ridiculous, insulse." I should especially enjoy describing the Ministry of Information as "insulse." As a friend of mind says, it is so insulsing.

Being no longer young, I hand over this list of epithets to my juniors for use about all Government departments for the duration of the war—and, if I know anything of the stupidity of the human race, after.

Other forms of Government stupidity during the last few weeks are too numerous to mention. There was the stupidity of closing Billingsgate fish-market and then having to open it again. There was the stupidity of allowing all kinds of queer people to commandeer any hotel that took their fancy as a Government office, even though it was a place for the treatment of invalids. Referring to these and all the other forms that stupidity has taken since the beginning of the war, a man said to me the other day: "This country is in the hands of bureaucratic bumpkins." I wish I could have thought of that phrase when I was writing leading articles in the provinces.

Some people will find this long tale of stupidity depressing. I find it otherwise. Stupidity is not such a bad thing as is generally supposed. Stupid people at least save us from the dangers of being ruled by clever people; and England has been happier, I am sure, under a series of comparatively stupid cabinets than she would have been under rulers as clever as Napoleon. English stupidity has its own solid virtues. Perhaps it was of it that a great German writer was thinking when he said: "Against stupidity the gods themselves fight in vain." If the gods cannot prevail against it, we may be sure the Germans cannot prevail against it. Bear this in mind the next time you hear that the authorities have done something rantipole or insulse. Y. Y.

Miscellany

COUNTRY NOTES

Belated Haysel

A FEW nights ago I was out scything and raking a late crop of grass in the orchard. The harvest moon came up behind the apple-trees, so although the daylight had come to its end the moonlight enabled me to continue with my task. We do not usually bother to collect this second lot of grass, too coarse for fodder; but in this year of war every scrap should be worth the saving. I was alone, and the world seemed very gentle. The scythe slid regularly through the long grass, laying the swaths quite neatly for so inexperienced a mower, like fesses across a heraldic field; and, mixing poetry, war, and blazon in my mind, I thought of Marvell:

> Thus, ye Meadows, which have been
> Companions of my thoughts more green,
> Shall now the Heraldry become
> With which I shall adorn my Tomb.

I had no wish to adorn my tomb; only to supply free bedding for my cows; still, the conceit pleased me. The spirit of Marvell came very near: not only did ripe apples drop about my head with big thuds into the grass, falling from sheer maturity although not the frailest breeze arrived to stir the moonlight—*Kaum einen Hauch*—but the scythe occasionally sliced through one of them with a swishing juicy sound which would certainly have touched the fancy of my most delectable poet. It was a lovely, lonely task, physically satisfying as well as mentally. Mentally it soothed me, as all true rhythm soothes; physically it satisfied me by producing new muscles in my body, the pleasant pain of new muscular effort in arms and back and thighs, a pleasurable pain that made me feel like Constantine Levine at the end of his day's mowing: "You would hardly believe what a remedy it is for every kind of folly . . . such pleasant work, and at the same time so hard that one has no time for thinking . . . and there is nothing wrong in it."

There was nothing wrong in it; everything in it seemed

smooth and useful until the wedge dropped out of the scythe and I couldn't find it anywhere to knock it in again. This is a thing which does easily happen with scythes, when the blade swivels round and points impertinently at the sky. It is irritating as a rule, but on this occasion I rather welcomed the excuse to stop working; hitched armoured scythe and wooden rake back in the branches of a tree, and went away, leaving them there to dangle throughout the night among the red apples.

Lilies and Lakes

Because I was restless and had no desire to seek the sleep which would certainly have eluded me, I went down to the lake where the black water gave a sense of deepest peace. The water happened to be peculiarly inky that night, bright though the moon was. Anyone closely familiar with a piece of water knows how unexpected and unaccountable its reflective moods are; how, on one night when you would expect light to pour down into its mirror from above, no light returns; how, on another night when the heavens are darkened, a mysterious lucency gleams with no contribution from overhead. On this particular night the moon gave no reflection into the darkened waters. The only things which gleamed and glowed were the water-lilies, whitely bobbing on the black pool. Taking the boat out, I cut the milky stalks of the lilies in the moonlight, and as I did so, drifting, aeroplanes appeared over the lake, chased by the angular beams of searchlights, now lost, now found again; now roaring out, now silent, traceable only by their green and red lights sliding between the stars. A fox barked at them, like something in a fable curiously up to date. I tried to compose the fable for myself, something which would combine the fox, the lilies, and the white bodies of the young men up there aloft, but nothing neat would come to me although in that lonely hour I felt that they were all invested with an extraordinary significance. I remembered only how, many years ago, I had first seen an aeroplane flying by night; its engines were shut off, and all that could be discerned was one golden light travelling with silent and terrible velocity like a planet broken loose. Indeed, in that first moment of horror I had thought to see Jupiter making for the earth. This time it was with a different dismay that I watched the lights above—the fan-like sticks of the searchlights, the tumbling acrobatics of the pursued.

The fox barked again, and carrying the inert lily buds I made my way across the fields. The homely weapon of the scythe shone all along the blade where I had left it hanging among the fruit.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

A MINISTRY OF ARTS

AT first sight it may look an odd moment for creating a new ministry, and one, what is more, which appears to have nothing to do with war. Nevertheless, it is a moment when such a ministry stands a better chance than ever before of being useful and effective. Also, on closer inspection, the proposal may be found to have a good deal to do with the present and the immediate future. Only the Air-Raid Wardens can have yet forgotten that we are supposed to be combating the powers of darkness. And, indeed, it is true that France and England stand and have stood, not always steadfastly nor elegantly maybe, for sweetness and light. It would be a poor thing if, in the process of resisting barbarism, we lost our own civility: *Graecia capta ferum.* If England were to emerge from the war indistinguishable from Hitler's Germany or Stalin's Russia, historians might well enquire whether it was worth fighting for what the dictators would have let us have for nothing. Our aims need stating; and the first should be the preservation of spiritual values. We shall lose them, just as Germany has lost them, if we devote our energies exclusively to fighting, training, making arms and producing food. Already Europe is on the road to ruin: we shall get there sure enough unless people can make up their minds that this is no time for ceasing to read books and look at pictures, no time for neglecting music and the theatre, no time for omitting to think and feel.

But if the spark of civilisation is to be kept alive, the Government must take a hand. I have never imagined that a government, or any other public body, was likely to be a judicious patron of the arts; but now it is not so much a matter of patronage, of encouragement, as of arresting destruction. If the Government does not give a hand to those who would cherish the spark, the spark by the Government's own hand will be extinguished. The first and most pressing need is to save the artists; the second, not to discourage those who are able, even in present conditions, to enjoy art; the third, to see to it, that in the vast undertakings of construction and reconstruction which are inevitable, people with some sense of beauty and public decency shall have a say. To achieve these ends the creation of some public authority—not necessarily a ministry—is essential. It must be armed with great powers, and, if not a ministry, must at any rate be in close contact with the Government. Clearly a ministry would be best; for the authority, whatever it may be called, must be able to protect and employ artists; must have power to organise exhibitions, concerts and theatrical performances here and abroad; must, if publishers are in difficulties, be able to carry on the better and less profitable part of their business; and must have some rights of supervision over the planning, design and decoration of public works. Also, it must have money. Money in wartime flows like water—as often as not to waste. In the spring of 1918 Mr. Maynard Keynes by an artfully placed word secured for the nation some of the masterpieces of the Degas collection. The Treasury, I seem to remember, sanctioned an outlay of thirty thousand pounds. What were thirty thousand pounds when we were spending I forget how many millions a day? The ministry, or whatever it is to be, should be on the look-out for bargains, and may be able, from time to time, to extort from the Treasury the price of a new coat of paint for the fleet. Such purchases have, in fact, their political as well as their cultural value. I happen to know that our intervention at the Degas sale impressed foreign opinion, struck by Britain's sangfroid in a moment of crisis as much as by her regard for things of the mind.

Under stress of war, the Government, one may hope, will not allow a tenderness for the profits of jerry-builders and contractors to stand in the way of national advantage. Large schemes of building, road-making and clearance will be carried out, not as urban landlords and speculative builders think best, but as experts decide. Amongst these experts, I propose that those of the Ministry of Arts should have a hearing. Like any other, the new ministry would have the right to claim a few men whose services it considered indispensable. Its duties, as I have indicated, would be to keep the arts alive by means of exhibitions, by commissioning decorations, by organising concerts and theatrical performances, and by securing for a certain number of authors—especially young authors—opportunities for writing in tolerable conditions and getting what they wrote published. And all the while it would be doing what it could to make the public realise and remember that a live art is essential to a nation's health.

Assuredly, a Ministry of Arts would have plenty to do, and plenty of what it had to do would be of immediate political importance. The building of the national playhouse in South Kensington will probably have to be discontinued. Drury Lane or Covent Garden might be hired as a substitute, and a first-rate company formed to give a series of English classics. Other companies, with a similar repertory, should be sent into the Provinces, to the Dominions, and to all neutral countries where English is understood. Such companies would probably pay their way. Concerts of British music and exhibitions of contemporary British painting—the best we have produced for a hundred years—should in like manner be organised and disseminated. The Old Vic and Sadler's Wells must not be allowed to close. While selected pictures from the national

collections might well be kept on view in such towns as Bath and Exeter, Winchester and Shrewsbury. We cannot expect sympathy, and help maybe, from the civilised world unless we show the world that our civilisation deserves sympathy and is worth saving. If military efficiency is to be the sole criterion of worthiness, foreigners may be pardoned for thinking Hitler's Germany as good as anything we are likely to produce.

A Prime Minister, whose appreciation and understanding of music is notorious, would be the peculiarly appropriate begetter of an Arts Ministry. God forbid that I should take it upon myself to advise him in the matter of ministerial appointments. There are men in both Houses of Parliament fitted to the task: the names of Lord Esher and of Lord Balniel will spring to all minds, and there are others. As for high officials who must bear the brunt, must organise and control, unravel perplexities and make delicate decisions, I will only say that to the best of my belief the services of Sir Eric Maclagan, Sir Kenneth Clark and Mr. Leigh Ashton are available. These are men capable of organising and directing, as well as appreciating, the arts about which I am paid to hold an opinion: others will have no difficulty in naming men and women delicate in their appreciation of literature, music and drama yet apt for the business of administration and production. Ability we do not lack. We have the arts, the artists and the art directors: it remains to be seen whether we have politicians of sufficient imagination and good will to make use of the opportunity.

CLIVE BELL

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Music at Night," at the Westminster

Mr. Priestley's play is so interesting in substance, so original in form and difficult to produce, that we shall devote a special article to it next week. Meanwhile, the important thing is that playgoers should be made aware that it is running and in the normal pre-war fashion; all the week at 7.30 p.m. and with Wednesday and Saturday matinées at 2.30. Hitherto the plays which have followed the lifting of those mistaken restrictions on the theatre, have been of the diversional sort—that capital little light comedy *Tony Draws a Horse*, for example, which is to be seen every afternoon at the Comedy theatre. What the reception by a crammed house of *Music at Night* proved beyond question was that a play which attempts to probe human nature, and say something ultimate about life and death, can be equally acceptable to us in wartime. It can prove as complete a temporary distraction, while it leaves with us something afterwards. Not that *Music at Night* is without humour or amusing episodes—the reverse is true. But its fun does not depend for appreciation upon our forgetting for a while all about our tragedies, confusions and disappointments. It is the kind which gains by being brought into juxtaposition with them. The insight of the playwright into human weakness and wickedness is that of a robust but relenting satirist.

The form into which Mr. Priestley has thrown his meditations on life is not, strictly speaking, that of drama, where thought should be translated into action. There is no story. And yet *Music at Night* is not a discussion play. His method is to project the thoughts of a group of people listening to the three movements of a sonata; sometimes using soliloquy, sometimes dramatising in brief colloquies either their past or their wished-for relations to each other. It is an original and ingenious method. The first movement makes them all day-dream; the second all pensively remember. The third movement throws them into three consecutive moods, when life appears to them first as delightful, then as ominous and then—here was the enormous difficulty—a mystery profoundly satisfying. An ambitious play? Very. A triumphant success? That requires discussion. Worth seeing? Yes, yes, yes.

"The Good-natured Man," at Streatham Hill

The Old Vic Company is to be congratulated on presenting this little-known Goldsmith after an oblivion of a century and a half. The plot is in the eighteenth century comic convention—legacy-hunting and amorous misunderstandings among the minor characters, with an elderly eccentric as the central figure. In this case the play depends on the morbid Mr. Croaker; and Streatham Hill reveals what Denham was making us forget: that Mr. Donat is an outstanding character actor with the intelligence—unhappily rare among actors—to play the part in the spirit it was written and not in accordance with his own preconceptions. He makes his mean, fearful, selfish Croaker as likeable as only an unsuccessful monster can be: the highest praise one can give is to say that the eighteenth century audience would have loved him. The rest of the cast—with the exceptions of Miss Dresdel and Mr. Adrian—are not so good, and try to play Goldsmith as if he were a twentieth-century parody of a nineteenth-century melodrama. They forget that the humour depends on the baseness of *all* the characters—even the lovelorn ones—and since they cannot satirise the protestations of the avaricious lovers, are reduced to guying them. That the evening was so entertaining is due to Mr. Donat, and one must be grateful to the war if it has brought him back from the films to serious comedy. Mr. Guthrie's production was pleasant without being fussy, and Miss Palmer painted Augustan bric-a-brac with admirable restraint.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, October 13th—
"St. Joan," Streatham Hill.

SATURDAY, October 14th—
"Marriage of Figaro," Sadler's Wells, 2.
London Symphony Orchestra with Moiseiwitsch, Queens Hall, 2.30.
"The Devil's Disciple," 2.30; "The Good Natured Man," 7, Streatham Hill.

SUNDAY, October 15th—
John Strachey: "War Aims and Peace Terms," 2 Keats Grove, 2.30.
The Balletomanes' Club presents a performance of Ballet, Collin's Theatre, Islington Green, 6.

MONDAY, October 16th—
National Gallery Concerts, Monday at 1, Astra Desmond, May Harrison and Gerald Moore; Tuesday at 1 and 4.30, Moiseiwitsch; Wednesday at 1, Stratton String Quartet; Thursday at 1, Fleet Street Choir; Friday at 1 and 4.30, Antonio Brosa and William Murdoch.
"Dear Octopus," Streatham Hill.
"Grouse in June," Golder's Green Hippodrome.

TUESDAY, October 17th—
Edgar B. Castle: "Education, Democracy and Peace," Friends House, 1.20.
Opening of Morley College Theatre School under Rupert Doone, 6–9, and each Tuesday and Friday during term.
Tutorial Class in Philosophy by C. E. M. Joad, and in Economics by Barbara Wootton, Morley College, 7, and each Tuesday.

Correspondence

UNCOMMON SENSE ABOUT THE WAR

SIR,—Your publication of "Uncommon Sense about the War" disproves at least one of the assertions in it: that we have "already abolished at home Liberty and Democracy and all we have"; which, in passing and for the purposes of controversy, Mr. Shaw pretends to regret; though he has repeatedly shown utter contempt for them and in his genial off-hand way applauded their extinction in the Dictatorial states. In no other belligerent country would so serviceable a piece of defeatist propaganda as his article have been permitted. Nor could Soviet home-propaganda invent a better excuse for Stalin's spoil-sharing Pact with Hitler than that it was necessary to prevent *us* making Poland "a gun-emplacement for the obvious ultimate aim of our rulers of restoring the Romanoff Tsardom." Silly as that explanation is, it is the only alternative to interpreting Stalin's foreign policy as a reversion to Imperialistic aggression; an interpretation which every step he has taken since he invaded Poland, whether against helpless Baltic or trembling Balkan States, has made more plausible. Fear of Germany cannot explain his policy because he is doing his best to strengthen her against us; nor can heed for the pacification of Europe, because without the Pact Germany would have never dared to challenge the guarantors of Poland. But Mr. Shaw, like many young Communists with whom I have more sympathy, their Faith being at stake, cannot afford to admit that Stalin has chucked principle for power, without bankrupting all hope for the future of the world. To Mr. Shaw Stalin is not only abler than all the leaders of Europe "rolled into one," but also incapable of sin. That is the axis of his political judgments.

It is the same blind trust as a Nazi reposes in Hitler: he can do no wrong, however ugly the things which are done by his order both at home and abroad. So there it is. It must have been fear of what England intended to do to Russia that impelled Stalin to invade Poland.

This is a good example of Mr. Shaw's exaggerative way of thinking. The only scrap of truth in that assertion is that many in England would have been delighted to see Germany attack Russia, though it would have been quite impossible to get this country to back Germany in that struggle. Impossible because as far as foreign policy is concerned England and France have more to fear from German domination of Europe, and because such an alliance would split the classes at home and create the same situation here that the Pact has already created in Germany, and to which we may ultimately owe our victory.

Mr. Shaw, who is so sympathetic to the alarms of Russia, pooh-poohs our fears of further German annexations. "Had we not better wait until Herr Hitler tries to do it and then stop him with Stalin and Roosevelt at our back?" At what point in the process could we be sure of their support? And would that support be worth much if, say, Switzerland, Rumania, Denmark and Holland had already gone the way of Czechoslovakia and Poland? Russia was apparently willing to prevent the conquest of the Czechs, but a chance of sharing in the spoils in the case of Poland and establishing "equality" of power in the Baltic was irresistible. It looks as though Germany and Russia had agreed to dominate Europe together and that is what we are fighting to prevent. DESMOND MACCARTHY

SIR,—The intelligentsia of the Left were the loudest in demanding that the Nazi aggression should be resisted at all costs. When it comes to a showdown, scarce four weeks have passed before they remember that they are pacifists and write defeatist letters to your columns, leaving the defence of freedom and of civilisation to Colonel Blimp and the Old School Tie, for whom Three Cheers.

King's College, Cambridge. J. M. KEYNES

SIR,—This letter is to let you know that at least one group of your readers were immensely gratified to find you had printed the outspoken article by Mr. George Bernard Shaw.

Soon the blanket of enforced silence will descend on the British press. Obviously, it is the twilight of freedom in these islands. If and when sanity returns to mankind THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION may gratefully be remembered for firing one of the last effective broadsides in the cause of freedom.

London, W.C.1 R. H. NAYLOR

[We have received a large number of similar letters congratulating us on publishing Mr. Shaw's article. Ed., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—Mr. Shaw says that he writes without responsibility, but for many of us he bears the responsibility of the greatest living Englishman, if he will accept the nationality. The fact that he has already been quoted by *Izvestia* may remind him of the responsibility attaching to his great name.

I believe that most of us have entered this war with a sense of its gravity. This does not mean that we are "frightened out of our wits," but it does mean that we expect from our intellectual leaders wisdom, not jibes.

Arising from his article, will Mr. Shaw tell us:

(1) How to "make peace" with Battler. Bombardoni would seem to be an easier proposition.

(2) Whether he disapproves of the principle of evacuation, and whether he has any constructive proposals to make for countering air attacks.

(3) How he would finance this war, if called upon to do so.

(4) Whether he thinks that either our Government or our people entered this war in a spirit of "sheer pugnacity."

If his reply to the last question is "yes," I shall despair of Irishmen ever understanding Englishmen.

Plymouth. HUMPHREY PAKINGTON

SIR,—Germany in 1914 made the disastrous mistake of underestimating the strength of Great Britain. It may be presumed that we are in no danger of repeating Germany's mistake if we are preparing for at least a three years' war. A decisive victory to either side, it is now realised, means a long-drawn-out struggle with untold suffering and devastation. Bitterness of feeling will inevitably grow when air-raids begin and casualty lists are published. And, when the end comes, will there be any better chance than in 1918 for a satisfactory settlement? Will Germany then be repentant or will she have fallen an easy prey to revolutionary propaganda?

But an alternative and speedier approach to peace is surely possible. The prevalent policy of denouncing Hitler is ill-conceived. It shows no appreciation of German psychology. The people have accepted him, willingly or otherwise, as their leader and they have seen Germany raised again to the rank of a great power. They are unlikely to desert him now at the bidding of outsiders whose motives are not presented to them in an altruistic light. Hitler clearly can only be deposed from within. To win the support of the German people we must show ourselves at least willing to listen to terms of peace from whatever quarter they come. If they be unacceptable, we must be ready with counter-proposals. These should be generous and constructive but safeguarded by appropriate conditions. To end the present anarchy of rival sovereign states full scope should be given for the free expression of national culture within a federal constitution.

The situation has been radically altered by Russia's entry into Poland. Let us seize this opportunity for doing now what we should have done long ago—acknowledge the errors of Versailles and make another beginning with a newly defined Poland and Czechoslovakia. All the Governments concerned should agree to call a truce and give judicial consideration in conference to these delicate issues.

GERALD BAILEY	A. RUTH FRY	H. E. KARL JORDAN
CLIVE BELL	R. RUGGLES GATES	JAMES AVERY JOYCE
VERA BRITTAIN	DOROTHEA GIBB	L. C. MARTIN
ENID CHARLES	T. EDMUND HARVEY	J. MIDDLETON MURRY
RUTH J. EGERTON	D. CARADOG JONES	H. M. TOMLINSON
HUGH L'A. FAUSSET		E. B. VERNEY

CENSORSHIP

SIR,—Mr. A. L. Binney's letter about censorship calls to mind an example which happened to me during the last war (the war to end war). Writing home to my wife, I recounted a story about one of our sergeants. Every morning there used to be a communiqué issued by the French. On this particular morning the sergeant came into the room with the latest one. He said "the line now runs A—, B— jusqu'à C, adding I've found all these places except jusqu'à. That's not on the map." When I returned to England on leave my wife showed me the letter. The Censor had left A— B and C— but had scored out jusqu'à!

46 Micheldever Road, Lee, S.E.12 ARTHUR E. BRAGG

THE NAZI PLAN FOR CZECHOSLOVAKIA

SIR,—Hitler's recently announced plan forcibly to "resettle" German and other minorities in the whole area between the Baltic and the Black Sea is not a mere boast—as the evacuation of Germans from the Baltic shows, nor must it be taken as an emergency measure, devised on the spur of the moment. Besides, it is certain that his plan has met with Russia's approval. It is a measure which was planned long ago, and which, if it is carried out, will make the Germans masters of the whole area. It can only be carried out with the connivance of the Soviet Union.

The forcible, large-scale shifting of populations has been advocated by German Nationalist pamphleteers as far back as 1908. Dr. Hertz, the Austrian historian, for instance, quotes various writers on this subject in his book on pre-war nationalism.* For instance, one of them suggests the evacuation of Northern and North-Eastern France to make room for Germany's teeming millions. The French should be settled in North Africa.

A more recent instance has a direct bearing on Hitler's announcement. At the end of 1937 a German military mission came to Vienna to suggest joint action against Czechoslovakia. In the course of the discussion one of the Austrian generals asked one of his German opposite numbers: "For heaven's sake, why are you so keen on annexing Czechoslovakia? After all there are about ten million Czechs and Slovaks living there. What are you going to do with them?" The German general replied: "We'll see to that. They'll be all moved to Russia or Siberia, bag and baggage. There is no place for them in the German living space." This conversation was soon afterwards related to the writer by a friend who was present when the conversations took place.

The carrying out of this wholesale uprooting of a nation will have obvious advantages for Germany and would be in keeping with the theory of living space and the thesis that the Czechs sneaked into Bohemia, which was German 1,300 years ago.

* Nationalgeist und Politik by Friedrich Hertz. (Europa-Verlag, Zurich.)

Bohemia and Moravia are a Slav salient in Germany's Eastern flank. This salient would disappear just as another big Slav salient must be straightened out: the Polish Western provinces of Pomorze (Corridor), Poznan and Silesia are to be resettled by Germans.

In his speech Hitler said he would recall all the German minorities in South-Eastern Europe. There are Germans in Rumania, Yugoslavia and Hungary. About two million, all told. Where is he going to settle them? He can't settle them in Germany proper, nor in Austria. They couldn't be absorbed there without great trouble and commotion, and it would take a long time. In the Slav protectorates the Germans need not bother about considerations like these. Besides, the votes of the Germans about to be "resettled" would be invaluable if Germany should decide to stage a series of plebiscites, to forestall any practical peace terms the Allies might suggest.

This plan has two obvious attractions for the Danubian countries concerned. First, they would get rid of their dangerous German minorities. The Third Reich might collapse as quickly as it rose, but the Germans would never return once they had quit. Secondly—and this is of special importance for Hungary and Rumania—the native landless agricultural labourer would be given the land of the German farmers or other farmland made available by exchange.

The governments of these countries would be willing to pay the price of a temporary allegiance to the Third Reich for these advantages. Especially, if they are confronted with the armed might of Germany, with Russia in the background, and the Allies remain silent.

The countries concerned would become German dependencies, for "transactions" such as these would only be carried out by the Germans themselves, and they would establish their influence in virtually every nook and cranny. The lightning evacuation of the Germans in the Baltic is being staged and publicised to demonstrate to the Balkans that Germany means business. Besides, it helps to find weak spots in the organisation for carrying out mass migrations.

The German and Russian public have been prepared for transactions like these. Forced migration and resettling is no new experience for them. There is the wholesale transfer of industries from Western Germany to Thuringia. In the Soviet Union large-scale organised migrations are recurrent features in the succession of Five Year Plans. The U.S.S.R. would benefit from the high technical skill, experience and perseverance of the Czech workers and peasants.

This plan seems fantastic in its nightmare ruthlessness and its disregard of human values and the right of self-determination. But it must be considered a serious possibility. It would not surprise the writer if it were coupled with a plan for settling the Polish and Roumanian Jews under entirely unsuitable conditions.

Hitler's plan would mean another great step farther towards the clock-work state of a totalitarian Europe, so vastly different from a planned economy of free and federated nations.

N.W.1. ELROY BARDON

POLAND

SIR,—The fate suffered by Poland is at present the subject of much comment, some of it misleading. Certain observers point out with satisfaction the fact that the part occupied by the Soviet was saved from the Nazi tyranny. Some even assert that, though inspired by base motives, Stalin's action may yet prove a blessing in disguise.

In considering the respective advantages of Soviet and Nazi occupation, it is not the difference between the Nazi and Communist theories which matters, but rather that between the routine methods of the Gestapo and GPU. If the issue was merely between the merits of political creeds, as it indeed is for safely distant commentators, no doubt the preference for Communism would be justified. Hitler preaches war and violence as virtues, he openly advocates the oppression of minorities, or even majorities if they happen to be non-German. His record of international crime is far more impressive than Stalin's.

In contrast to the unashamedly barbarous precepts of Nazism, Communism appears almost like an improvement on Christianity. But, unfortunately, while Hitler faithfully carries out his theory of German superiority and brute force, Stalin diverges widely not only from pure Communism, but even from his own pronouncements.

It is the practical aspect of Communism and Hitlerism that is being painfully made known to the Polish people. The Germans are content with wrecking the country with bombs and then squeezing out of it all resources of raw materials and labour. Consistent with the Nazi policy, racial considerations predominate over class divisions. The Jews are singled out for particularly brutal persecution, but their lot is only a little worse than that of Polish patriots. In any case, a person refraining from political activity or display of opinion can hope to survive. Foodstuffs and other commodities are confiscated by the Germans, but they have no need to touch other property, except factories suitable for war use. The terror of the Gestapo is, of course, the most revolting feature of the German occupation, which makes hardly any pretence of being anything but what it actually is—simple robbery for the benefit of Germany.

The Bolshevik invader is more subtle. The Soviet troops were at first not opposed by the people, for they spread the rumour that they were going to the rescue of Poland, and in the confusion of war this was believed for a day or two. Even when not pretending to be allies, Russians always make use of some more or less adroit excuse. They are better propagandists than the Germans. Stalin at first proclaimed himself liberator of Slav minorities, and when he advanced into purely Polish territory he claimed to be protecting the Poles themselves, alleged to be without a Government. This excuse was particularly perfidious, since the Polish Government were forced to leave the country not by the German but by the Soviet forces, and had no intention of doing so when the Russians first crossed the frontier.

Though hardly convincing, these explanations find more favour with world opinion than the bloodcurdling menaces of Hitler. One is often inclined to accept the less shocking version of a brutal scene, even though it is the less likely.

The Bolshevik terror, similar to the Nazi in method, is more discriminating in the choice of its victims. The working class is theoretically exempt, while the middle and higher classes are faced with extermination. In spite of protestations to the contrary, Moscow is not quite indifferent to nationality. Where the attitude of a whole nation, based on its religious and historical background, is unyielding to Communism, it attacks the nation and not only its ruling class. The Ukrainian nation, which never had any aristocracy and is perhaps more typically peasant than any in Europe, was not saved by that fact from persecution by the central government of Moscow.

Well aware that the educated class is bound to become the nucleus of resistance, the Bolsheviks destroy it first of all by the simple but effective method of mass execution. Although the Soviet regime bears no grudge against the Jews and indeed favours them on occasion, the Jews in the part occupied by Russians may suffer almost as much as their brothers under the Nazis. The Jews in Poland are mostly employers, or shopkeepers employing their own families—not wage earners. They may be the hardest struck class, next to the landowners, who are, however, less numerous. On the other hand, the Bolsheviks will rely on the younger Jews as almost the only section sympathetic to their regime.

But the Polish lawyers, priests, teachers and in fact everyone unable to produce a pair of horny hands are likely to suffer a cruel fate from the Bolsheviks. While the Nazis enjoy murder consciously as a perversity, the Russian Bolsheviks, with their traditional disregard for the value of life, perform the worst slaughters with a delightful absence of self-consciousness. The Moscow radio makes no secret of the fact that Polish officers are executed and only privates are spared. At least 75 per cent. of the officers of the Polish army, up to the rank of General and including the C. in C., are of peasant descent and could by no stretch of imagination be described as aristocrats or capitalists.

Obsessed by clichés of hunting counts, few people abroad realised how democratic was the Poland of 1918-1939. It was largely a bureaucracy, but the civil servants were infinitely less class representatives that they are in Great Britain. They were largely sons of farmers or small squires, living on their modest salaries and far removed from any connection with capital and finance. In what other country would it have been possible for an ex-President, who opposed by force an eventually successful *coup d'état*, to get his pension and quietly continue his university lectures? Yet this was the case of Mr. Wojciechowski, President until 1926.

Personal freedom is perhaps an even more important and certainly more immediately noticeable feature of true democracy and civilisation than the political representation of the people, seldom perfect anywhere. In this respect the Soviet and Nazi regimes offer the most striking contrast to the Polish Government.

The Gestapo and GPU man-hunting organisations are both the typical expressions of their respective regimes, both equally cruel and incalculable.

The international consequences of the occupation of Poland provide a subject of separate study. They may be more far reaching than anyone at present dares to suggest.

But from the human and humanitarian point of view, the Soviet invasion of Poland cannot be considered by any honest observer to be better than any other act of aggression, whether Communist or capitalist.

A. T. LUTOSLAWSKI

6 Hallam Mews, W.1.

STALINISM

SIR,—I am surprised to find my impetuous friend Professor Hogben making the common mistake of labelling any course of action with which he disagrees Communist or Fascist. In his criticism of Professor Haldane's views, Professor Hogben asserts that "less than three months have passed since the Communist nucleus of For Intellectual Liberty organised a petition to put Mr. Winston Churchill in the Cabinet as a guarantee of good faith to Stalin." I do not know why a policy which was widely advocated by members of all parties should be so arbitrarily attributed to a "Communist nucleus"—and, in fact, as I am sure Professor Hogben, to whom I have sent their names, will be the first to agree, none of those members of my committee who were present at the meeting at which this decision was taken could be described as Communist sympathisers, let alone members of the party. Incidentally, if Professor Hogben looks up the files of the *Daily Worker*, he will find that at that time it was opposing the policy of strengthening the Government, and, in particular, of including Mr. Churchill in the Cabinet.

For Intellectual Liberty, MARGARET GARDINER,
18, Oxenden Street, Hon. Secretary.
Haymarket, S.W.1.

IN THE WAR

SIR,—Is there any connection between the letter of Mr. Kenneth Pickthorn, the Conservative Member of Parliament for the University of Cambridge, and the fact that Mr. Kingsley Martin is the prospective Labour candidate for that constituency at the next general election? Like Rosa Dartle, I only ask for information.

DIOGENES

London, W.

THE B.B.C.

SIR,—There can be few educated people who trouble, or indeed can bear, to listen any longer to the B.B.C. programmes. (Anyone who considers this an overstatement should buy the current number of the *Radio Times* and study the programmes promised us for the normal listening hours, 6 to 10.30, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week). As the days go by, music-lovers in particular begin to suffer painfully from lack of anything they can listen to, and their discomfort drives them to turn the knobs of their sets in search of refreshment.

They will, they do, find it abroad, above all in Germany, whence Mozart, Bach and Beethoven still pour revivingly forth on one wavelength or another. It is not yet illegal to listen to a German station, but since no German wavelengths are given in the foreign table in the *Radio Times*, it is apparently bad form to do so. Even so, unless there is improvement in British wireless programmes, the number of English and neutral listeners to German stations will grow. Since, when searching for or after listening to the enemy broadcast, one is liable to hear a talk, possibly a talk in English, the scope and influence of German propaganda cannot fail to grow also. Has this very simple thought-sequence occurred to none of our rulers?

ARNOLD PALMER

17 Abbey Lodge, N.W.8.

FARMING IN WARTIME

SIR,—Mr. Easterbrook, writing on Farming, laments the days when farmers could maintain their own live stock with the produce of their farms, before oil cake, concentrates and imported meals were known, and he quotes with approval the German Minister of Agriculture, who only recognises as a farmer the man who grows his own feeding stuffs. The days before oil cake were the days when wages were under a pound, and a sack of wheat sold for two pounds. The farmer to-day cannot afford to feed his own wheat, or he loses the Wheat Commission's deficiency payment. He cannot afford to feed his own barley when the maltster offers him ten shillings more for it than he has to pay for imported feeding barley. The highly specialised type of pig which the bacon factories have been demanding, can only be produced under highly specialised conditions. The pig which is produced out of doors and fed on farm-grown produce has no chance against the competition from Denmark. When sugar beet can pay £25 per acre, and the merchant delivers cheap oil cake at his door, the farmer cannot afford to use his land to grow roots for cattle. No doubt there are strong arguments for autarchy in farming, but the plain necessity to make the farm pay is the overriding consideration, as in any other business. It can certainly be said that Government assistance for wheat, bacon, sugar beet and other commodities has led to this position. Without such assistance, farming would have become a dead industry. If autarchy in farming is what we really want, it remains to be seen whether some form of Government help can be devised, which does not make it impossible.

Fincham Farm, ROGER NORTH
Rougham, King's Lynn.

SIR,—I feel that I must write to offer you my thanks and congratulations on the admirable article of "War Farming" in the last issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

The writer has put the case fairly, firmly and with forethought for the future; he sums up the views which I, as an owner of an agricultural estate of some 8,000 acres and as Chairman of a District Committee of the West Riding Agricultural Executive am daily putting to the farmers in encouraging them to plough-up. I only wish I had a copy of that article to give to every farmer I have to visit in this large area of 45,000 acres.

I shall look forward to the following articles by the same author, who is without doubt performing a great service.

Farnley Hall, LE G. G. W. HORTON-FAUKES
Otley, Yorkshire.

SIR,—I have read with interest L. F. Easterbrook's article in this week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. His suggestions are admirable, but I think he lays the blame for our agricultural decline at the wrong door.

The plain fact is, that mixed farming from 1922–1937 has been a heartbreaking and ruinous business, and the only "sound men" in agriculture have been the specialists. I know, and I have no doubt that Mr. Easterbrook knows too, many more prosperous cowkeepers and poultry farmers than mixed or arable farmers.

What was the use of growing oats at 5*s.* per hundredweight or barley, when the return showed a definite loss, and their imported equivalent could be purchased cheaply.

I agree that specialisation is a bad thing, but the nation's economic policy was based on cheap food, and cheap imports mean a cheap home market. This fact made specialisation a necessity; it was sounder to buy these imports and turn them into dairy products—milk, bacon, eggs—to be sold in the cities, than to compete with the niggers of the Empire and South America.

Personally, I have kept to mixed farming. I have consistently ploughed the whole of my holding, kept a herd of T.T. milkers and a good few poultry, but from a financial point of view I should have been far better off as a cowkeeper, and have had a lot less work and worry.

The nation is largely industrial, the average townsman cannot tell wheat from barley or oats from rye, all he cares about is his belly being filled as cheaply as possible, and he doesn't give a damn who fills it, whether it is a nigger or a white man. Farming to-day is a business first and an art second, and it's the business side, the £ *s. d.*, which matters. When the war is over, if we still have our Empire and our Navy, it will again be more profitable to buy than produce. Who is to blame?

Crow Nest Farm, LATHAM BOARDMAN
Westhoughton.

CARPETS

In our issue of September 16th we gave a list of increases in wholesale prices. Our figures came from an authoritative source and have only been challenged in one particular. We have now traced the origin of the figure of 60 per cent. given for carpets and find that through a typist's error made before these figures were printed in this journal, 6 per cent. was altered to 60 per cent. We apologise for the slip to our readers and to the carpet manufacturers concerned.—Ed. N.S. & N.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

How I envy those thoughtful wartime readers who, with Dr. Joad, have already planned themselves a literary dug-out! For me and, I imagine, for many contemporaries one of the minor horrors of the present period is the difficulty of fixing the mind to a single subject or of discovering a blast-proof refuge in any book. I began my experiments by attempting to re-read *Candide*. Irony on the subject of optimism ought (I reflected) to raise the spirits. Unfortunately, the disasters encountered by Dr. Pangloss are so absurdly out of proportion to the whirl of catastrophes which have surrounded us for the last twenty years, and so negligible beside the upheavals of the immediate present, that the effect of the book is exasperating when it should be enlivening. What is the destruction of Lisbon by earthquake compared with the destruction by deliberate human agency of half-a-dozen European cities? The examples of malice and brutality encountered by Cunégonde can be outdone in the daily reports of the most conservative newspapers. And, though Pangloss did not blench at evidence of cynicism, and accepted inconsistency as an inevitable part of the very best of worlds, would the Doctor have been able to explain, with his usual buoyancy, the precise moral significance of the Stalin-Hitler pact?

So *Candide*, though it still amuses, fails to satisfy. It was written (one begins to think) at such a distance from actual human suffering that the impression it leaves behind is almost frivolous. Voltaire did his best with the abuses to hand; but, though in themselves sufficiently appalling, how trivial, it now seems, those abuses were! Nations at war regarded warfare as the soldier's business. Political prisoners (though thrown into the Bastille) as Voltaire had learned at a difficult moment, were allowed books, company, wine, ink and paper. The author considered himself a victim of tyranny: but his worst taste of aristocratic despotism was the experience of being beaten up by the Chevalier de Rohan: after which he retired comfortably into English exile. To-day, for that petulant switching by an angry nobleman might have been substituted the blows of a rubber truncheon or a raw-hide whip.

From *Candide*, I turned to *A Sentimental Journey*. During the remote rose-tinged pre-war period, now buried deep beneath the dreary deposit of several months, I happened, on a hot afternoon in Burgundy, to buy two volumes—octavo, bound in calf and yellow boards—comprising *Voyage Sentimental En France par M. Sterne sous le nom d'Yorick traduit de l'Anglois, par M. Frénais. MDCCLXXXIX.* The translation itself is very bad, disfigured by all kinds of alterations and additions. The frontispieces, however, are extremely agreeable and show the Traveller, in three-cornered hat, trimly curled wig and high-buttoned waistcoat, now conversing (before Volume I) with the mendicant friar:

> The poor monk blushed as red as scarlet. "*Mon Dieu!*" said he, pressing his hands together, "you never used me unkindly. . . ." I blushed in my turn; but from what movements I leave the few who feel to analyse . . .

—now (before Volume II) consoling the distracted shepherdess:

> *Dieu, dit elle, tempère le vent en faveur de l'agneau nouvellement tondu.*

Reading the French version drove me back to the original—so much of its quality had gone with the English. I was anxious to learn, having digested the translator's preface, whether I too could appreciate the merits he saw—"*un caractère aimable de philanthropie, qui ne se dément jamais, & sous le voile de la gaieté, & même quelque-fois de la bouffonnerie, des traits d'une sensibilité tendre & vraie . . . Le mot anglais 'sentimental'* (adds M. Frénais) *n'a pu se rendre en françois, par aucune expression qui pût y répondre . . .*"

Luckily, a reader need not be sentimental—nor, indeed, for that matter, particularly sensitive—to enjoy one of the first and best of modern travel-books. The idea underlying it is very simple. Poets had already discovered that the mind was its "own place": no prose writer of genius had yet insisted that the wanderings and adventures of the mind, outside the boundaries of poetry, rhetoric, drama, might provide their own literary justification. Or, if they had done so, they had not set to work with such absolute shamelessness. Sterne is a traveller who takes no account of monuments, monsters, social conditions, governmental institutions. He is concerned solely with himself and with his observations, and with his personal response to the things he observes. Remember that not until Defoe's advent were the vicissitudes of any one human being, divorced from the workings of the tragic process—a prostitute, a thief, a sailor cast away on a desert island—considered sufficiently noteworthy to be material for literature. Sterne made literature his pocket-handkerchief—employed it for all manner of private purposes, to dry his eyes with, wipe his nose and heavens knows what else: but the pocket-handkerchief was capable of magic-carpet flights.

The spell he used is set forth in a famous paragraph:

> What a large volume of adventures (he writes) may be grasped within this little span of life, by him who interests his heart in everything, and who, having eyes to see what time and what chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can *fairly* lay his hands on!

Nothing, he proceeds to explain, is dull. " . . . Was I in a desert, I would find out wherewith to call forth my affections . . ." *A Sentimental Journey*, therefore, is a lesson in feeling, an exposition of how, in any given circumstances, to behave in a sentimental and civilised mode. At his worst, Sterne describes the easiest means of becoming lacrymose: in his better vein, he notes the diversity of human characters, the oddities of the individual intellect. And here the Traveller is a humanist in the highest sense of the term: he makes his "true dimension" the capacities and the mind of man.

The cult of personal sensibility has many obvious dangers. It need not mean—in Sterne, it certainly did not mean—that the mind should attempt to enclose for itself a private paradise and exclude all disturbing rumours of the outer world. Completely egocentric persons are both bored and tedious: but Sterne remains alive to every impression, though he examines them all through the glass of his own temperament. What interest him are reactions rather than actions. Sympathetically, though, it is true, a little distantly, he watches the hopeless struggles of the dwarf at the playhouse:

> The dwarf suffered inexpressibly on all sides; but the thing which incommoded him most was a tall corpulent German, near seven feet high, who stood directly betwixt him and all possibility of his seeing either the stage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get a peep at what was going forwards, by seeking for some little opening betwixt the German's arm and his body, trying first on one side, then on the other; but the German stood square in the most unaccommodating posture that can be imagined . . . so he civilly reached up his hand to the German's sleeve, and told him his distress. The German turn'd his head back, look'd down upon him as Goliath did upon David,—and unfeelingly resumed his posture.

Sterne's pathetic passages have a peculiar vibrant quality that is impossible to imitate. His erotic passages, too—so shocking to the squeamish Victorian taste—are remarkably different from other episodes of a similar kind. There is the same detachment that we are aware of when he is sentimental, the same careful notation of movements and impulses, as if it were a piece of music that the author recorded, not ordinary sexual dalliance between a man and a woman. Read, for instance, the story of his visit to the glove-shop:

> The beautiful *grisette* measured them one by one across my hand.—It would not alter the dimensions.—She begged I would try a single pair, which seemed to be the least.—She held it open;—my hand slipped into it at once.—"It will not do," said I, shaking my head a little.—"No," said she, doing the same thing.

> There are certain combined looks of simple subtlety—where whim, and sense, and seriousness, and nonsense are so blended that all the languages of Babel set loose together could not express them;—they are communicated and caught so instantaneously that you can scarce say which party is the infector . . . It is enough in the present to say again, the gloves would not do; so folding our hands within our arms, we both loll'd upon the counter;—it was narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to lay between us.

However hard he had tried, Sterne could never have become merely pornographic; for the essence of pornography is its turgid monotony—sexual attributes are ticked off, detail by detail, in the pounding repetitive manner of a seedsman's catalogue—while one of the great charms of Sterne's method is its constant changefulness. He shifts and veers perpetually, like the mind itself. He is low-minded, high-flown, sensual, compassionate—all in as short a time as it takes to turn the page or a sequence of images to cross the fancy. He is a pagan satyr, a Protestant clergyman, a romantic poet; but every shape dissolves into Yorick, and Yorick remains.

Through his own nature, he pursues his study of the world about him. And, as in himself the Traveller is able to distinguish a refreshing, reassuring continuity, so in the world at large he finds a persistence of the same delightful traits. Do not human beings continue to pine for freedom? A caged starling becomes the symbol of this thwarted desire:

> I was interrupted . . . with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out."—I look'd up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.
>
> In my return back through the same passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage;—"I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling.

And there are other impulses, equally strong, equally persistent, which confront him again and again through the course of his wandering—impulses of passion and charity, and hope and pride, indestructible expressions of the human spirit, like the impulse that moved Candide to plant a garden. Laurence Sterne handled a beautiful and moving prose style, and had an extraordinary knack of simple allusive story-telling: but that is not the beginning and end of his literary achievement. As long as the individual is the measure of human society—and no abstraction by which the individual's mind is suffocated—Sterne's travel-book and his great novel will still be read.

PETER QUENNELL

NEW NOVELS

After Many a Summer. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. *Chatto.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Night of the Poor. By FREDERIC PROKOSCH. *Chatto.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Queen Anne Boleyn. By FRANCIS HACKETT. *Nicholson and Watson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Good as *Brave New World* was it gave one the impression that Mr. Aldous Huxley was imprisoned in a library and that he saw mankind through thicknesses of paper as a fish in an ill-kept vivary might see it through the slimy glass. And after reading *Eyeless in Gaza* the impression was strengthened; it could only be someone isolated from life who could imagine that amazing incident in which a terrier dropped from an aeroplane burst like a ripe tomato over a couple naked after copulation on a roof top—the incident was not made more credible by being related as if it might have happened to anyone. But disconcerting as the narrative was it did not inspire the doubt which attached to a synthetic yogo-buddhic-christian religion which cast a shadow across the book. The synthetic religion came into the light of day in *Ends and Means.* The new faith required certain things from the believer; the abandonment of all desires likely to lead to striving and rivalry, a complete control of the bodily functions, a concentration leading to St. Teresa's "seventh mansion" in which one can be conscious of the mystical light while buying puppy-biscuit. It is perhaps not relevant to the ultimate virtue of the faith, but it is obvious that under existing conditions disaster comes to those who purge themselves of desire without first securing a guaranteed income of a fairly substantial sort, and the thought cannot have escaped readers of *Ends and Means* that the recipe it gave for acquiring complete control of the body was familiar from childhood—it was an elaboration of the two principles of the old-fashioned Nanny, Don't Fidget, Keep Regular. Be that as it may, the Evangelist of Mr. Gerald Heard's Neo-Brahminism has now published another novel in which the principles of the faith are displayed functioning in the everyday world, and the result is as depressing as that cloudy expository work led one to expect. It enables one to formulate an opinion of Mr. Huxley that it will probably be unnecessary to revise. *After Many a Summer* is a story about a millionaire who is obsessed by the fear of death and an appalling text which enlivened a wall of his childhood home: "It is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the Living God." To his huge castle in California he brings everything which will give him feelings of power; things other people would like to have kept, pictures other people would like to have, a young woman whose beauty makes other people envious (and in whose arms he asserts his unimpaired vitality), men of letters he can shame by his illiteracy and success, a scientist who has been bought off scientific research to find him a remedy for age. The unenjoyable time had by all in this hugger-mugger is the main topic of the book. Its plot is concerned with the discovery of a remedy for old age in the note-book of an eighteenth-century English Earl and the discovery of the Earl himself in the cellars of an English house. Those who have followed Mr. Huxley's publications will recognise at once what they are in for. The kept woman is passed from hand to hand and used by people she does not like, there is a great deal of amorous activity which ignores the fact that the act can be enjoyable on a very simple level as resolutely as the fact that women frequently lie with men they enjoy. With the adolescent treatment of sexual activity as something thrillingly wrong goes the other adolescent excitement about intestines. The eighteenth-century Earl's remedy against old age was a diet of uncooked carp's guts, and there are some fine passages about the difficulty he experienced in keeping them down when he started the diet. The Earl is found at the age of two hundred and one in the cellars of a house in England, a gibbering ape with less than an ape's nicety about its faeces. The book is inspired with a hatred of the bag of guts tied to the sensitive brain, it is a cry of agony at the brain's slavery to the bag while it lusts and hungers, and at its partnership in its ultimate decay. One sees here the penalty which is attached to all surrogates for religion and philosophy: they rationalise hell away and provide no other mechanism for relieving the individual of his burden of guilt, and by rejecting the conception of a personal immortality they leave men a prey to the crowding fears which account for most ill behaviour. They afford neither the defence offered by a philosophy nor the anaesthetic offered by a superstitious religion. *After Many a Summer* is the record of another spiritual failure; it is Mr. Huxley's petition in moral bankruptcy, and in presenting it he speaks for all those who are too sophisticated to accept the crudities of the established religions and are at the same time too credulous to accept a sceptical philosophy.

The author of *The Asiatics* deals in his new novel with an aspect of American life, the experience of those young people who are fired by the flickering of the dying pioneer tradition and who become nomads for a time before settling down. In America before the depression these wanderers were not an altogether depressing phenomenon; at least a large proportion of them found employment wherever they might go. But for the poorer section of this nomad army, and for the greater part of it since 1929, life has been hard. The old certainty that whenever the nomad felt tired of moving on he could settle and be accepted into any community he chose has gone, and it is no longer an easy thing to pick up the money for getting back to the home place. One comes across these nomads in a visit to America rarely, but the glimpses one gets of them and the life are invariably disturbing. Perhaps it is the sight of wooden-faced railway police searching lines of box cars in a goods yard, or the appalling little hovels made of bits of packing case, old tins, and tar-paper in which they spend their shorter stops, or the mere sight of men moving south as the bad weather begins, but to the casual eye these unassimilated nomads drifting in a civilisation appear to be the symptom of social disease. *Night of the Poor* presents them in another light. It is the story of a farmer's son who leaves his father's home in Wisconsin and goes off to find relatives who live in Texas. The treatment of the boy's long drift is poetic; he moves not so much from place to place as from image to image. The uprooting of this callow adolescent brings him the visual experience and spiritual enrichment it might bring to a poet of acute sensibility. As a record of something which happens it is utterly false, but the images are sharp and delightful and the patterning of words is skilful. The book is a pass which will give you entry into the

security and comfort of the ivory tower for just as long as you will be content to read and feel, but you will be ejected almost at once if you begin to think.

Catherine of Aragon gave birth to a seven months child in 1510, to a son who died at the age of three days in 1511, to a stillborn son in 1513, to a son who died almost at once in 1514, to a daughter who survived her in 1516, there was a miscarriage in 1517, another child was stillborn in 1518. When some time after the last of these sad happenings it became obvious that Catherine could not even have any further miscarriages she was divorced, and Anne Boleyn took her place at stud. At the age of sixteen Anne had with some adroitness ousted her sister Mary from the position of King's mistress and with great skill managed to avoid becoming his mistress herself for some time. By the time that she finally yielded to him she had made him so passionately eager for her that she imagined that she had made her position at Court unassailable. She was a silly woman and she used her position to pay off old family scores and to turn people out of posts which she felt might be filled by her relatives: she had a gift for making enemies. After the birth of Elizabeth in 1533 she began a series of miscarriages in her turn. These may have made her suppose that no son would ever be born to Henry and made her attempt to find a more fruitful stock, or she may have been the nymphomaniac the evidence at her trial would suggest. Whatever the explanation she behaved in a way that gave her many enemies ample opportunity to inflame her husband against her. And he—the Golden Athlete had become enormously fat, he suffered from bouts of headache which prostrated him for days at a time, an ulcer that would not heal burnt on his thigh—he was no husband to be unfaithful to. And these sufficiently unhappy people were used as cards in the final stage of the political manoeuvres which had begun when King John escaped from being the vassal of France by becoming the vassal of the Pope. Anything that tells the story of the wretched Anne is bound to be moving, and Mr. Francis Hackett writes about her with such fondness and with such delight in the Abyssinian splendours of the Tudor court that he conveys his pleasure to the reader. *Queen Anne Boleyn* is a fine cloak-and-sword historical novel of the old-fashioned kind. ANTHONY WEST

THE LAST OF THE TORIES

More Thoughts and Talks. By SIR ARNOLD WILSON, M.P. *Longmans.* 7s. 6d.

You may like him or dislike him, but Sir Arnold Wilson stands head and shoulders above the ruck of "National" backbenchers. He has strong prejudices and takes no trouble to conceal them, even when they shock the Whips; he really knows his constituency and is prepared to take up cases of injustice, even when there are no votes to be gained; he has with infinite labour and very little return—even of polite thanks—exposed those major scandals, the industrial insurance racket, the burial racket, and the state of Workmen's Compensation legislation; and last, but not least, he is a man of letters who quotes good literature, without being pedantic about it, and has a style which is not only correct but his own.

But with all these talents and virtues, Sir Arnold has not been a success in Parliament. This is not simply due to his individualism, though, heaven knows! individualism is a serious obstacle to political advancement. Somewhere there is a flaw in his personality and in his philosophy which has prevented him either from advancing those particular causes which he has made his own or from achieving office.

A careful reading of his new volume of *Thoughts and Talks* may help us to discover what this flaw is. Sir Arnold is writing as well as he ever did, and, though he complains that his consumption of boot leather has gone down by half, he can still tramp his constituency and draw out everyone he meets to talk interestingly about his troubles and his pleasures. Sir Arnold may be self-opinionated, but he has a really remarkable interest in the affairs of all his chance acquaintances; and his book is full of delightful sidelights on pigeon-racing, stiles, thatching, public school novels, jerry-building, and the troubles of chimney-sweeps. Only when we look below the surface and ask what philosophy lies behind these multifarious interests do we begin to feel a certain embarrassment.

> My instinct and experience has led me, in some measure, to the Right abroad and to the Left at home; for I am more in sympathy with Disraeli, the Tory Radical, in his outlook on society, than with any of his successors.

At first sight this seems a satisfactory explanation. Certainly Sir Arnold shows Radical sympathies. He can tell the "Imps":

> We are not wedded, as a Party, to banks and big-business, to chain stores, commercial insurance systems or to private ownership of essential public utilities except so far as we believe that these and similar activities are being or can be managed better by private enterprise than under the control of the State.

Not only does he make such public declarations, he acts on them, and few M.P.s can have a better record than he, either for the exposure of rackets or for constructive proposals for the reform of parliamentary and local administration. There is hardly one of his criticisms or of his pet reforms in this field with which I can seriously disagree.

But still, when this is said, we are left with two unresolved difficulties. In the first place, whatever Sir Arnold's personal feelings, how can he assert that the Conservative *Party* is not wedded to banks and big business? How can he combine his hatred of the rackets with his often-repeated, and obviously sincere, expressions of loyalty to Mr. Chamberlain? How has he failed to learn from his own bitter experience that the National Government has not the will or the power to smash the vested interests which he has so brilliantly exposed? Seeing, as clearly as Mr. Ernest Davies, the iniquities of *National Capitalism*, how can he support the Government which is its creature?

We can only answer this question by turning to our second problem. Sir Arnold proclaims himself a follower of Disraeli, but at the same time he has been a leading spokesman of appeasement. He has believed so fervently in "National Spain" that he felt it his duty to harass those who tried to give hospitality to the Basque children, and on countless occasions he has made himself the spokesman of Hitler and Mussolini. He has reviled anyone who dared, either in the name of the League or of the British Empire, to argue that British toleration of the bloodless victories would endanger this country and lead us into war. Grant that appeasement was an intelligible policy, particularly for those banks and combines on which Sir Arnold has declared war; grant that it was the correct policy for a Conservative Party determined at all costs to save its dividends; but how can it be described as the true descendant of Disraeli's imperialism? Here is a paradox indeed!

PARTY GOING

7s. 6d. net

★ This outstanding novel was chosen by Mr. David Garnett for an enthusiastic full-page review in last week's number of the *New Statesman*. The *Times* describes it as "delightful." The *Observer* says: "Its author is one of the most original novelists now writing . . . the book is head and shoulders above the average." The *Herald* declares it to be "a remarkable piece of work." The author is

HENRY GREEN

★ He wrote his first novel *Blindness* while still at school. It was published while he was at Oxford. He left Oxford to enter a factory in Birmingham. During the two years he was there he wrote *Living*, which was singled out for high praise by discerning critics. The *Spectator* says: "Mr. Green has written only three novels in about fourteen years—he is one of the few novelists whose books, produced at such long intervals, are never likely to disappoint." It is published by

THE HOGARTH PRESS

Nor can it be explained in the case of Sir Arnold by mental confusion: few minds in Parliament are less confused than his. The true reason lies deep in the social conflict which paralyses this country's policy whether it is at peace or at war, and makes it well-nigh impossible for an intelligent Tory to hold a consistent philosophy of life. Sir Arnold *is* a Tory Radical, but he has been born into an epoch where this philosophy is adapted to the needs not of his own country but of Germany and Italy and Spain. His sympathy with Fascist dynamic is an unconscious admission that men such as he are out of place in this country; his ardent support of appeasement is the negative imperialism of a personality which breathes in Germany a spiritual atmosphere that no longer exists in his own country. "We are no longer on the up grade," he seems to say, "then let us make room for the vigour and youth of the new romantics. Disraeli is dead: long live the Disraelis of Burgos, Rome and Berlin, the men who combine Radicalism and Imperialism, as Joe Chamberlain used to combine them here."

I do not for a moment suggest that Sir Arnold is unpatriotic. Few M.P.s have a more simple and direct loyalty than he. But his patriotism is tinged with the sadness of old age, and confused by the feeling that his country's interests are in conflict with movements which express his own ideals. Too English to be himself a Fascist, his sympathy is with the Fascist regimes. He will fight them if he must; but he cannot fight them with a will, because he has no cause for which to fight. To him, as to Mr. Chamberlain, the war is a final catastrophe, the ruin of all he has worked for.

More Thoughts and Talks is of real historical value, because it is written by an immensely honest man. In its contradictions and in its downright humanity, it expresses all that is best in the British Tory tradition. If it is the work of a defeated man, that is the fault of history, not of its author. RICHARD COVENTRY

MUTATED MAN

Pain, Sex and Time. By GERALD HEARD. *Cassell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The argument of this book is important enough to engender in the reviewer the conviction that he will not have discharged his duty, unless he contrives to tell the reader, however briefly, what it is. Summary must come first and comment, if there is space for it, afterwards; so forward author and back reviewer.

We begin with the by now familiar diagnosis of the predicament of our civilisation. Our scientific skill has outstripped our social wisdom; the growth of our powers is unaccompanied by an advance in our morals; we have mastered means but forgotten ends. The basic problem of our civilisation is, then, to obtain a new set of ends. But a new set of ends can appeal only to a new kind of consciousness. Man in the past has desired power, wealth and comfort and has been motivated by greed, pride and self-assertiveness. He can only fail so to desire, cease to be so motivated, if he becomes a different sort of creature. In other words, if our civilisation is to survive we ourselves must change. Is this impossible? Mr. Heard answers that, so far from being impossible, a change in human nature is the next item on the evolutionary programme. Evolution has passed through two main phases. First, the physical phase; creatures were successively evolved who were first progressively larger and then progressively more complicated. The limits of physical evolution were reached in man; hence, if man was to continue the process of development, he must contrive a new method of evolving. He did so, and introduced the second or technical phase of evolution. Briefly, this consists in the making of tools and machines which, biologically regarded, are limbs which we have contrived outside ourselves to supplement our physical inheritance. Thus we make cranes and lifts to do the work of arms; trains and cars to take the place of legs; we even devise limbs that we have not got and equip ourselves with aeroplanes to take the place of wings. We have now reached the end of this second stage of evolution, and unless we can contrive a further method of evolving, we shall relapse and fall back. The technical phase is, indeed, already showing signs of decadence in the shape of increased specialisation without co-ordinating purpose—scientists reach their results in watertight compartments, while philosophy and religion, which should connect the compartments and pool the results, are sterile or derided—and the accumulation of resources which we do not know how to use. Whereas at the end of the first phase the Mesozoic reptiles continued to accumulate fresh tissues without evolving the brains which might have directed their use, at the end of the second, the youth in his car accumulates fresh speed in order to save time, without the faintest idea of what to do with the time when he has saved it.

Granted the need for a new method of evolving, on what plane will it take place? Mr. Heard answers upon the psychical. Hence we are introduced to the conception of a new mutation occurring this time in the soul of man, as a result of which his consciousness will be so enlarged that it is capable of conceiving and pursuing new ends which are commensurate with his technical mastery of means.

At this stage of the argument a new factor is introduced. If this mutation is to occur, we must co-operate in its production; in other words, we can only change if we will to do so. Hitherto evolution has been a blind, instinctive thrust. In man the evolutionary process has emerged into consciousness and has become consciously intended. Hence "man's own self-consciousness decides and can alone decide whether he will mutate and the mutation is instantaneous."

Mr. Heard adduces a number of reasons for regarding the mutation which he foresees as immediately practical biological politics. First, evolution has ceased in all other species because they have reached the limits of specialisation. In man alone further evolution is possible precisely because he has not specialised—"so far as bodily development is concerned, he has specialised in unspecialisation." In man himself we find that physical evolution has ceased for an unusually long period, yet man continues to be animated by immense reserves of energy. This energy, which is at present surplus, shows itself in an unprecedented sensitivity to pain and an unprecedented activity of sex.

Finally, the whole tempo of evolution is rapidly accelerating and the periods between mutations diminish. The steps of the argument are, therefore, as follows: (*a*) evolution must go on somehow; (*b*) it cannot go on in the animals; (*c*) it cannot go on physically or technically in man, therefore (*d*) it must go on psychically in man and take the form of a mutation in consciousness.

As a result of this mutation the barrier between consciousness and the unconscious will disappear; we shall consciously realise our oneness with life as a whole with which the unconscious is already continuous, though the fact is at present withheld from us, and our enlarged consciousness will give us direct insight into the nature of reality. Also, incidentally, we shall be free from the spur of sexual desire, lose the capacity for feeling pain, and "achieve a non-violent sanction for all human relationships."

Such, stated baldly, is the argument. What appropriate comments can be packed into a few hundred words?

First, that the statement is indeed very bald. The point is important. To read Mr. Heard is to embark upon a sea of intellectual adventure. As the waves mount, one's excitement grows until, at the culmination of the argument, a giddiness of the intellect supervenes and one can no longer clearly see the course which is being followed or the point which has been reached. In a word, the soul is exalted, but the critical faculty is lulled. The felicity of Mr. Heard's manner contributes to this result. Not only is he a fount of ideas, he is a master of their exposition. There is scarcely a page which is not illumined by some glow of insight or enriched by happy metaphor or ingenious parallel. To take one example, when the end of the physical stage of evolution was reached creatures were first embarrassed by the "hypertrophy of horns and tusks which threatened and destroyed the animals which grew these weapons and tools too freely." Similarly, at the end of the technical stage of evolution, we are being embarrassed and shall be destroyed by the hypertrophy of tools and weapons with which our mastery of technical means has endowed us. In spite of the difficulty of the subject, Mr. Heard so mixes entertainment with instruction that to read him is as pleasant as it is easy. There may be two opinions as to the validity of his ideas; there can be only one as to the sincerity which informs them and the brilliance with which they are set forth.

Unfortunately, the excitement attendant upon the reading of Mr. Heard produces a cold fit of reaction when the reading is finished; for, as I have said above, the statement of the argument reads very baldly indeed. Can evolution, one wonders, really be as tidy as all that, and is it conceivable that even Mr. Heard should know so much about it? Let me suggest one or two difficulties. First, Mr. Heard is extremely loose in his use of terms. His general view seems to be that a vast reservoir or force of life creates living organisms in whom it outcrops in the form of individual consciousnesses. Waiving the difficulty occasioned by a use of terms which employs expressions such as life, nature and reality interchangeably, what account, one wants to know, is to be given of the matter of which our bodies are composed? Is

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ROUTLEDGE KEGAN PAUL

this, too, life, nature or reality, or is it something which confronts and opposes these? If the former, how does it come to be distinguished from consciousness? If the latter, how does it contrive to interact with it? Can we, again, really accept the view that a process which is originally blind *emerges* into purposiveness? Is it not tantamount to the assertion that it was pure luck that the whole evolutionary process became purposive? If, on the other hand, purposiveness was present from the first, a rather different world view from that which Mr. Heard suggests seems to be indicated.

Thirdly, we look in vain for any indication of the activities of the enlarged consciousness. There are any number of vague statements to the effect that in Telepathy and Clairvoyance we are "actually contacting a general field of consciousness, in fact that extended consciousness into which it is humanity's aim to emerge." But does the notion of extended consciousness carry any meaning apart from the objects upon which such consciousness is directed? Consciousness is always *of* something, and an enlarged consciousness is only meaningful in terms of what the enlarged consciousness knows. Thus the enlarged consciousness of Plato's Guardians contemplated the Forms, of Shaw's Ancients, mathematical and metaphysical entities. But the extended consciousness of Mr. Heard's mutated man appears to operate in a vacuum.

These criticisms are not meant to be unsympathetic. I would like to hold Mr. Heard's view and—I hope that the avowal will not set him against me—did once contrive to hold something very like it. I have, however, largely been dispossessed of it by the difficulties which critical philosophers have pointed out, and I am suggesting merely that Mr. Heard seems to be insufficiently aware of these difficulties.

C. E. M. JOAD

THE GREEKS IN THE BLACK-OUT

Aeschylus: Prometheus Unbound. Translated by R. C. TREVELYAN. *Cambridge.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Euripides: Medea. Translated by R. C. TREVELYAN. *Cambridge.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

A Greek Garland. A Selection from the Palatine Anthology. Translated by F. L. LUCAS. *Cambridge.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

There has been some controversy as to what one should read during the black-outs. What is required surely is the lucid and the resolved, rather than that which represents the human passions and the chaos of the world. One needs a detachment that at the same time is not an evasion. In music, I find myself listening to Bach and Gluck, rather than to Beethoven. In literature, few things have given me more pleasure this month than these translations by R. C. Trevelyan. Greek tragedy is at once removed from the world as we know it, and at the same time it has digested, assimilated, and re-created in the most crystalline forms of art, problems and horrors which are still present to us.

Above all it shows an astonishing mastery of political, philosophical and religious ideas presented in a tangible and objective form which we can regard dispassionately. Never was there more confusion of ideas in the world than to-day. This confusion has now gone so far and become so violent, that I cannot believe that there is a place any longer for expressionist forms of art which present merely a picture of the breakdown of values. The world of *The Waste Land* and *Ulysses* has now become our real environment. Nothing could be more valuable to-day than a poetry which instead of presenting confusion, was able to show a great control in clarifying and ordering and objectifying the ideas behind it.

Translation is an art which in certain hands becomes creative. For it is not merely a matter of substituting English verse for Greek verse, but presenting it in such a way that it is related to contemporary English literature. Mr. Trevelyan does this so successfully that his translations are more modern and genuinely creative than his original poems, which are so dependent on literary precedents that they often tend to read like translations. But in these two books he is bold, original, and, in the handling of unrhymed metres, he sets an example to all contemporary poets.

A few illustrations will show the quality of this writing:

> Ah, list! What rustling again do I hear
> As of birds hard by? With light rapid pulsing
> Of whispering pinions the air is thrilled.
> I am fearful of all that approaches.

This is extremely vivid and well-handled, as is also:

> And for the mariner none else but I
> Contrived his sail-winged car that roams the seas.

The choruses in Greek drama have a curious effect of breaking off between Strophe and Antistrophe, and returning by a different approach to the same theme. Mr. Trevelyan's way of transcribing both meaning and metre as literally as they will bear without distortion, conveys this sense of renewal and freshness. Translations such as these are a more important event in English poetry than the publication of a great many minor but original poems. Appearing at a moment when poetry is so experimental, when there has been a return to the poetic drama, and when political ideas are released on us with the violence of the vulture on Prometheus, they may have a considerable influence.

Mr. Trevelyan explains in his preface that he has tried to follow the metrical pattern and phrasing of the Greek as closely as possible; Mr. F. L. Lucas, in the preface to his translations from the Greek Anthology, explains that he has rejected this method. Probably he is wise, for the epigram in English requires rhyme, if only because, since one is used to rhyme, the lack of it has an effect of deliberate anticlimax and excessive technical self-consciousness. Bridges' metrical experiments have taught us that. However, a difficulty arises when Mr. Lucas goes on to say: "Individual Greek words tend to be longer than English ones; and a Greek verse of from thirteen to seventeen syllables is not adequately rendered by an English verse of only ten or twelve." For the question arises, "If one is going to stick in a good many words which are not in the original Greek, what are these words going to say?" The answer is to be found in Mr. Lucas's translations; and it is that the lines are filled out with poetic phrasing which often loses the directness of the Greek. For example, the line

> Θύρσις ὁ συρίζων Πανὸς ἴσον δόνακι,

which is rendered by Mackail "Thyrsis who pipes on the reed like Pan," becomes, in Mr. Lucas's translation, "Thyrsis that pipes as sweetly as Pan on the reedy stem." All the same, this is not a distortion of the Greek, and in a neat quatrain, one accepts it; but it reveals the disadvantages of Mr. Lucas's method. My other objection is that, accomplished as Mr. Lucas is, there is sometimes a clumsiness in his introduction of changes into the metre. For example:

> Ah, young men have less sorrow—a harder lot, and cheerless,
> Life has laid upon us, tender-hearted maids.
> For *they* have young companions; and free of tongue and fearless
> Into his comrade's ear each lad his heart unlades.
> They have sports to kill their troubles, they roam abroad unchidden,
> *They* can distract their longing with the hues of the painter's art.
> But we are begrudged the very sun: alone and hidden
> At home must we sit brooding in the darkness of our heart.

Here, I find that, however I read it, my ear swallows together the words of the sixth line. Apart from these small criticisms, I read through these translations with great pleasure. Mr. Lucas never fails to convey with precision the point of the epigram, and the emphasis is where it should be in the Greek.

In his introduction, Mr. Lucas has some hard words for those who expect in modern poems, "startling imagery," "intensity of passion," and "sudden shocks." Reading it, one cannot help feeling that it is a pity that he uses his culture to put himself, as it were, on the side of the Greeks against the modern world; a position which, perhaps, if one could get into touch with the oldest inhabitants of Parnassus, might not be as unchallengeable as he seems to assume. In fact, reading a poem such as "A Seaside Grave," by Archias of Byzantium, I cannot help thinking that they would say that the section of *The Waste Land*, a poem which Mr. Lucas derides, entitled *Death by Water*, was nearer to the spirit of the Greek than Mr. Lucas's rendering. I may be wrong, but I think the pose of those who regard themselves as martyrs of a dying culture is always rather irritating. Nevertheless, these three books are valuable possessions, all of which I shall read again and again.

STEPHEN SPENDER

A CURIOUS BOY

Patrick. By DIANA BUTTENSHAW. *Macmillan.* 6*s.*

I don't think children's books should ever be sad and I don't think anything sad should happen to any hero of any kind until the end. I think the main hero ought to die of old age unless it's the sort of story that ends up "they lived happily ever after." This book is jolly good excepting for the sad parts. Patrick dies

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of pneumonia at the end. This book is divided into three parts. In the first a St. Bernard dog dies (he is one of the heroes); in the next Patrick nearly dies twice—both times because of having to wear clothes which did not suit him—and in the third part, on the very last page, he dies getting pneumonia again. He has lived all alone on an island except for animals, so that when he is rescued and sent to school he thought it odd being bossed about because he was used to being "Lord of the Island" as the animals called him. He said openly that he hated the world because of having been on the island. He hated the food, the noise, the smell and clothes. He was good at games and they were the only things he liked in the world. If the authoress hadn't made the animals talk, you could have said it was true, but then they talk in Dr. Doolittle and that is proved to be true. Perhaps it's all very well about animals talking, but when it comes to eagles looking after babies, which is what happened to Patrick—he was even cuffed by it when he was naughty, as if animals had a civilisation—then it is a bit difficult to believe.

There are pictures to help you imagine his doings.

GILBERT BAKER (age 8)

Travelling Players. The Story of the Arts League of Service. By ELEANOR ELDER. *Frederick Muller.* 7s. 6d.

The Arts League of Service Travelling Theatre originated in that brief period after the War when so many ideas of social reconstruction were finding expression. With £25 in pocket and a handful of enthusiasts, Miss Elder formed her company of travelling actors. For eighteen years the little company, with its changing personnel and a carload of properties, toured the towns and villages of England and Scotland, cheerfully facing hardship and inconvenience. The company performed one-act plays in temperance halls and held "revels" in stately homes of England. On one occasion they were summoned to Balmoral by the late King George. A lighter selection of items from the repertoire was chosen in consultation with the Master of the King's Household, who warned the company against "including anything serious in the programme." How far was the sudden impact of artistic productions, decorative dances and ballad miming upon rural or working-class audiences useful or justified? Miss Elder's anecdotes and impressions will enable the reader to decide for himself. The years of economic depression and unrest and, as we may suspect, the ever-growing cult of the cinema brought this enterprise in art to an untimely end. There is a less depressing side to this question. Miss Elder believes that the A.L.S. had done its work. It stimulated interest in the one-act play and even encouraged dramatists to return to that exacting form. She believes too (and rightly, no doubt) that the amateur dramatic movement which has spread so rapidly both in the English provinces and in Scotland owed something to the activities of her itinerant theatre. She discovers for us amusing and unexpected reactions. Synge's *Riders to the Sea* gripped simple audiences, though the keening made them uncomfortable and at times provoked derision. In sterner parts of Scotland Laurence Housman's *Little Plays of St. Francis* caused opposition and the company was suspected of Romish propaganda. A fortnight at the Court Theatre, London, proved a disaster and an invitation to the West End was limited by the condition that "all this art nonsense would have to be dropped" and drastic changes made in the variety programme. Miss Elder pays generous tribute to her fellow workers in those far-off pioneer days, Judith Wogan, Theresa O'Connell, Angela and Hermione Baddeley, Hugh Mackay, singer of Hebridean songs, and many more, who faced mud, midnight punctures and draughty halls. Bernard Shaw contributes some amusing and very practical notes on dramatic production to this book.

You're the Doctor. By VICTOR HEISER. *Jonathan Cape.* 8s. 6d.

This is one of the best books of medical essays that have been published; the author has an engaging style, and he writes by the light of many years' common sense to describe the primary reasons for ill-health. This defeats its own object, for it is aimed at the faddist, but no book could encourage him more. If you haven't got a fad, turn to any page from 1 to 309, and allow yourself to be reassured by a very sober and sensible doctor of the cause, effect, and cure for any of your daily habits or diseases. It is a book for the Normal Man. Every man is self indulgent at heart, and however well you find yourself this book will do you some good, if only the reading of Dr. Heiser's anecdotes. It is amusing, and as Dr. Heiser is a great man, authoritative, but it does not venture to presume. He writes well, very observantly, but does not let his own personality obtrude. If you aren't well, it will save you several guineas, and if you are you will learn something healthful, and then you can hand it on to your aunt. Dr. Heiser inspires great confidence in the patient.

BOOKS TO COME

In his forthcoming book, *New Hope for Britain*, coming from Methuen on October 26th, Mr. Olaf Stapledon speaks for all men of good will in his appeal for an active distinction between what is good and what is bad in Britain's record—between the democratic spirit and economic exploitation.

During the Spanish war Mr. T. C. Worsley went to Morocco on a would-be secret mission which took him ultimately to Barcelona, where he became the driver of a mobile blood-transfusion unit. *Behind the Battle*, due from Hale on October 23rd, is a description of his experiences travelling from front to front and from city to city until the final tragedy of Madrid.

The last collection of Katherine Mansfield's literary remains (*Katherine Mansfield Scrap Book*) is to be published by Constable on October 24th. Most of these journal entries, stories and unposted letters could have appeared in one or other of the preceding volumes of her work, but Mr. Middleton Murry, finding these fragments highly characteristic of their author, has preferred to put them together in a typically Katherine Mansfield note-book.

Last March Mr. T. S. Eliot delivered the annual series of Boutwood Lectures at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Lectures on this foundation are expected to deal with subjects which have both religious and political bearings. Mr. Eliot's addresses will be published in a revised form, together with some notes and supplementary matter by Faber on October 26th. The publishers suggest as a sub-title *Thoughts after September*, 1938.

Lawrence and Wishart announce J. B. S. Haldane's *Science and Everyday Life* for October 23rd. It consists of a series of essays on such subjects as "Evolution and its Products," "Meals," "Bad Air," "Medicine and Society" which made their first appearance in the *Daily Worker*.

Mr. Joseph Hone has followed up his life of George Moore by a family history, *The Moores of Moore Hall* (1792–1925) coming from Cape on October 20th. The first of the four Georges who decorate this story made a fortune in Spain and built the eighteenth-century mansion of Moore Hall which was burned by Republicans in 1923; George II was a frequenter of the Holland House set and an unpublished historian; George III, M.P., raced and hunted as we know; George IV was George Moore.

Marco Pallis's *Peaks and Lamas*, coming from Cassell on October 26th, is at once a mountaineering story of two expeditions to the borders of Tibet and a study of Buddhism and Tibetan art and living.

It will be pleasant to meet again Mr. Boone, the Derbyshire farmer of *Farmer's Creed*, who derived his agricultural philosophy from Ruskin and Swift. However, Mr. Crichton Porteous, who served as labourer under Mr. Boone, left him later on to take a job as teamsman to a farmer of an entirely different type. In *Teamsman*, he describes his experiences with his team, the technique of ploughing, and the relationship between a man and his horse.

An agricultural study of a different type, a plea for increased home food production, is *Yeoman Calling*, by Christopher Turnor, to be published by Chambers on October 16th. Mr. Turnor is a large landowner in Lincolnshire and a practical farmer who has studied agricultural methods in several Continental countries. Dealing with the whole problem of credit, farm workers' conditions, organisation and land-tenure, he argues that we could and should produce an extra £100,000,000 worth of food and animal feeding stuffs annually from our own soil.

Nicolas Bentley not only drew the pictures but also wrote the malicious verses of *Second Thoughts* on such victims as Charles Morgan, J. B. Priestley, Godfrey Winn, Low and Lord Beaverbrook coming from Michael Joseph on October 16th. This firm publish on the same day Leslie Howard's first novel, *Gus and Ida*, the love story of a working-class couple.

Hamish Hamilton announce a new book by John Gunther, *The High Cost of Hitler*, for October 16th. It consists of a series of broadcasts delivered by the author from London and various European capitals during the dramatic weeks preceding the outbreak of hostilities.

In *Undeclared War*, due from Constable on October 24th, Miss Elizabeth Wiskemann sets the technique of bloodless conquest adopted by Germany before the actual war began into its Pan-German historical background and examines the modern German method of mass-propaganda, economic pressure and artificial stimulation of German minorities.

A new biography of Henrietta Maria, *Little Madam*, by Janet Mackay, is promised by Bell for October 18th. The author has made use of contemporary Court gossip memoirs to enliven her portrait.

Two novels of probable merit: *What Immortal Hand*, Mr. James Curtis's, due from Nicholson and Watson on October 26th; *Not at Home*, by Parr Cooper, the story of a white community in India which has received the approval of Mr. E. M. Forster, and will be published by Allen and Unwin on October 24th. MARIE SCOTT-JAMES

Week-end Competitions

No. 505

Set by Raymond Mortimer

The usual prizes are offered for the best set of three clerihews on the names of musicians, composers or executants, living or dead.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETI-

TIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, Oct. 20th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 503

Set by H. B. Mallalieu

Flaubert planned the "Dictionnaire des Idées Reçues." This was to be a collection, in alphabetical order, of accepted ideas on every subject, as "BUSINESS: Always comes first.—A woman should avoid speaking of hers.—The most important thing in life.—Nothing else matters." The usual prizes are offered for the best extracts from a contemporary collection on these lines. Limit, 250 words.

Report by H. B. Mallalieu

I am afraid that most competitors went a little off the track and were too intent on satirising the accepted ideas to compile a really adequate dictionary. It was a sign of the times, too, that war, propaganda, evacuation, Hitler, etc., were more popular subjects than women, love, beer, and the weather. The last subject was, somewhat astonishingly, ignored altogether. Pococurante was one of the few who got the right idea:

WOMAN: Man's equal-superior-inferior.—A child, riddle, plaything—a helpmeet—a ministering angel—a better half—a harpy—always jumps to conclusions, mostly wrong—intuition of, wonderful and accurate—not logical—too logical—man's inspiration—an evil influence—a true companion.

But even this competitor let politics get the better of him when it came to Truth. Charles Furbank contributed an amusing entry devoted entirely to countries, with a last section reminiscent of Mr. Jingle:—

POLES: Gallant—very—gone now—return soon—freedom—how effected—Heaven knows.

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION was not ignored. According to Robert Kee's entry it is: "Always right—Marxist rubbish—In every intelligent man's home—Stuff it." We should feel disposed to let the first of these "accepted ideas" pass into the compilation.

Final choice was limited to the comparatively few competitors who complied fully with the rules. Even so it was no easy matter to select winners. E. E. T. Hayward, Stephen Bylansen, J. C. Date and one or two others nearly scored; but in each case their full lists were marred by some bad examples. I recommend that the prizes be distributed equally between M.R.D.—who mercifully kept to cabbages and common sense—and Allan M. Laing.

FIRST PRIZE

ARMY: A nation's life insurance.—Deathless heroes.—A brutal and licentious soldiery.—Always marches on its stomach.—God is on the side of the big battalions.

CULTURE: Having a university education.—To be able to talk B.B.C.—To have a bowing acquaintance with the dead languages.—To know the difference between a table-napkin and a serviette.—Very different from the similar word spelt with a K.

HELL: Everlasting fire.—Where golfers lack nothing but golf-balls.—Where bad boys and girls go.—The wages of sin.—A place much like London.

LIBERTY: Not licence.—Our heritage.—More than life.—Worth dying for.—Give me . . . or give me death.—The price of . . . is eternal vigilance.—Flourishes only in democracies with Parliamentary institutions.

LIBRARY: The poor man's university.—The memory of mankind.—The wisdom of the past.—Turns a house into a home.—The place where crimes are committed or bodies found.

LOVE: Conquers all.—God is.—All's fair in.—All that is needed to abolish war.—One's duty to one's neighbour.—Akin to pity.—Very near to hate.—What makes the world go round.

PATRIOTISM: My country right or wrong.—We've got the men, etc.—Flag-wagging.—King and Country.—Standing to attention for the National Anthem.—Joining the Army.—A healthy distrust of foreigners.—My country 'tis of thee!—A Briton's instinct.—When father says turn we all turn—and don't you forget it!

WAR: Hell.—A regrettable necessity.—The stern arbitrament of steel.—The crucible of heroes.—Purifies a nation's blood stream.—*Si vis pacem, para bellum.*—Nature's way of ensuring the survival of the fittest.—The final argument.—All's fair in. ALLAN M. LAING

SECOND PRIZE

BREAD: Our staple food. Fattening and indigestible. Given, with water, as punishment to children and criminals.

CABBAGE: Purifies the blood—but only when boiled in water; foreigners who cook it in fat lose all the goodness. Grows on patches. Cheap and wholesome. If you stay as you are you'll become one.

Pagan health had no 'war of nerves' to fight. Indeed, the human constitution is not fitted to stand the strain to which we are now subjected. The article below shows how science, in the shape of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food, upholds nature in this unequal struggle.

How to win *your* 'war of nerves'

Many a doctor frankly admits that, even in peace time, the stress and strain of modern life is too much for the average nervous system to bear. It is good to know, therefore, that science can help us to stand the *extra* strain, the *extra* stress, the *extra* responsibility and work which we all cheerfully accept in war time.

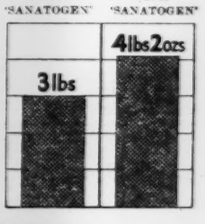
"In the present state of medical knowledge", say the doctors, "there are many things we do not know about the nervous system and its ailments. But there is one thing we *do* know: that to maintain that system at its maximum efficiency it must be fed with organic phosphorus and protein."

That is why 25,000 *doctors have praised* '*Sanatogen*' *Nerve-Tonic Food.* It provides these two nerve-nourishing elements in their richest, most easily assimilable form. The organic phosphorus feeds the brain, nourishes and repairs worn nerves. The protein helps to build rich, new blood. It creates resistance to infection and illness. It replaces deficiencies in a war-time diet. It shortens convalescence. It puts new life into every man and woman.

If your nerves are getting the better of you, consult your doctor about a course of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food. But don't wait until your nerves *have* got the better of you. 'Sanatogen' is more economical, even more effective as a preventive. You and your family should start an eight weeks' course *now* and face whatever is coming with confidence.

PROOF. How 'Sanatogen' builds bodies

A writer in *The Practitioner* reports: "I weighed, weekly, eleven children convalescent from scarlet fever to whom 'Sanatogen' was given, and fourteen other convalescent children of about the same ages, in as nearly as possible the same conditions. I found that the average gain in weight of the children getting 'Sanatogen' was, in five weeks, 4 lbs. 2 ozs., and of those not getting 'Sanatogen' was just under 3 lbs." *A striking proof of the body-building power of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food.*



'SANATOGEN'

A brand of Casein and Sodium-Glycerophosphate

NERVE-TONIC FOOD

Obtainable at all chemists in 19/9 *jars* (8 *weeks' course*) *and* 2/3, 3/3, 5/9 *and* 10/9 *tins.*

The word 'SANATOGEN' is the Regd. Trade Mark of Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire. A 'GENATOSAN' PRODUCT.

On Active Service— 'ASPRO'

QUICK CHANGES need QUICK ACTION. In these troublesome times there is a necessity for QUICK ACTION in medicine. That's why 'ASPRO' is giving more active service every day. The times demand quick action in medical service. 'ASPRO' is the tablet that fulfils the need. It dispels pain in a few minutes. Headaches are quickly banished. Nerve pains and irritability are gently soothed away in a short time. The sharp pangs of rheumatism yield to two or three 'ASPRO' tablets. Sleeplessness definitely gives place to peaceful sleep by the aid of 'ASPRO' tablets. A gargle with two 'ASPRO' tablets in a little water banishes sore throat and prevents infection. After ingestion in the system, the internal antiseptic qualities of 'ASPRO' are of great help in epidemic complaints. Its antipyretic or fever-reducing properties nip influenza and feverish colds in the bud. Gout and toothache both yield to its soothing influence. So the obvious thing to do is

KEEP 'ASPRO' HANDY TO BANISH HEADACHES – NERVE PAINS – HEAD COLDS – IRRITABILITY – EPIDEMIC COMPLAINTS – INFLUENZA – GOUT SLEEPLESSNESS – RHEUMATISM SORE THROATS – TOOTHACHE

A.R.P worker helped. Read this

1 Kerfield Crescent, Camberwell, London, S.E.5.

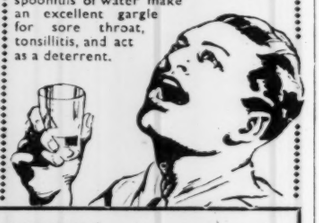
Dear Sirs,

I now take the opportunity of writing and enclosing my photo to tell you the benefit me and my pals got from your famous 'ASPRO' during the Crisis. We were amongst the first to answer the call for men and started the digging on Peckham Rye. None of us had done work of this kind since the last war and being out in all weathers we were naturally stiff and cramped and I soon recommended 'ASPRO' to my friends and they worked like magic and every man was able to carry on and finished up more fit than when we started, thanks to 'ASPRO'. I myself served in the Boer War and also in the last Campaign and always fly to 'ASPROS' as soon as I feel any effect. I am 58 years of age and feel 10 years younger, and would not be without them as they give me renewed energy. You may use this reference and I sincerely hope that everyone that sees it will benefit.

I remain, Yours faithfully,
JAMES F. MERRYWEATHER.

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsillitis, and act as a deterrent.



'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by ASPRO Ltd., SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Telephone: SLOUGH 22381.

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

PUBLIC NOTICE. 'ASPRO' prices are not increased. They remain the same as pre-war.

3D 6D 1/3 2/6

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

'ASPRO' DOES NOT HARM THE HEART OR STOMACH

COMMON SENSE: Is essential, infallible, irreplaceable. Far, far more important than brains. All good women have it. Good men need not, always, have it. Cannot be acquired; you have to be born with it.

HEATING (substantive): The reason why foreigners get flu. Coal fire only healthy form of. Is stuffy and extravagant, especially in bedrooms. Should always be turned off in trains.

(Adjective): All foods, other than salads, are: therefore eat nothing but salad.

MONEY: Is not everything. Should not be mentioned before children. Will not buy happiness. Destroys friendship. Rather disreputable to possess much or none. Clean and normal to have a little.

TRAVEL: Broadens the mind. Teaches youth to be tolerant. Promotes understanding among the nations. The British always do. The easiest means of becoming an author and useful whatever your profession.

M. R. D.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 499

Set by Roger Marvell

One immediate result of war is a proliferation of Busybodies. A first prize of £2 2*s*. and a second prize of 10*s*. 6*d*. are offered for the best verses (not more than twelve lines) " Upon a Busybody."

Report by Roger Marvell

The response to this competition has been multitudinous—*facit indignatio versum*. But there has not been time for the emotion to be recollected in tranquillity.

> May bugs and lice attack you like a blight,
> Bite, suck and bleed your skinny carcase white,
> You bass-voiced, busy, harsh hermaphrodite.

These lines (by " Evacué ") conjure a pretty picture, but is not the Busybody a target rather for ridicule than for solemn hatred? Also I am surprised at the number of competitors angry with Wardens merely for carrying out their instructions. M. C. Trench has nice beginnings:

> Why, Mrs. Wilkes, still standing at the sink?
> We women need more method, don't you think?

And

> Badged and buttoned, dressed for action,
> Miss Marmot strides along the street;
> She is off to Bones, the butcher
> To complain about his meat.
> Organising in her pride—
> As she passes, many hide.

Allan M. Laing shows his unvarying adroitness:

> He kept his word up to the mark,
> Though counselled by his friends to stow it:
> He claimed this war was not a lark:
> There was a Line, and they must toe it.

Towanbucket, Charles Best, M.C.L., C.R.P., B. R. Gibbs, Cassandra Rallin, M.O.D.H., J. C. B. Date, Alice Herbert and M. Bishop all had good lines, and I liked L. C. Sand's *On a Lady Commandant*:

> She meddle-muddled through the War
> This Queen of Nosy Parkers.
> She raised the fury of her corps—
> And now she is a carcase.

And one of the best entries comes from Ellen Evans, beginning:

> I think of your coy horse-face—fair, topped by a flowery straw hat
> I recollect your distinctive smell—moth-ball mingled with cat.

The first prize, I think, should go to Willy Tadpole, the second to G. de Vavasour, and I wish I had a 3rd prize for K. Busvine.

LINES ON A BUSYBODY

> Lady Sybil Poynter-Knowes
> Went into the homes of those
> Housing children sheltered from
> Peril of the German bomb.
>
> Did they go to church on Sunday?
> Did they change their shirts on Monday?
> Were they in the Boy Scout ranks?
> Did they murmur *please* and *thanks*?
>
> Lady Sybil from their lies
> Learned to her extreme surprise
> That the teeming City's spawn
> Behaved as to the Manor born.

WILLY TADPOLE

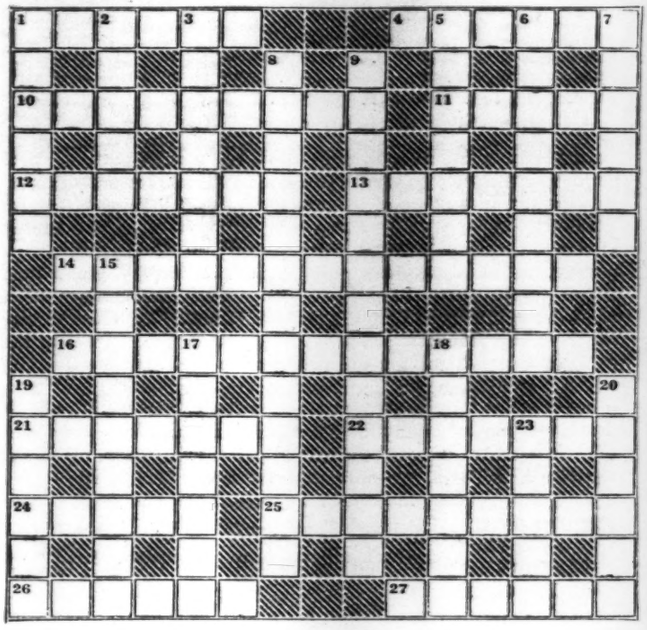
OF A BUSYBODY

> When Importunus walks abroad
> He bids his neighbours not to hoard;
> For " Friend " (says he) " I would abhor
> To see you in a court of law."
> My mask forgot? He taps my arm
> Anxious to keep me out of harm.
> Night falls. He seeks, but fails to mark
> A winking window mar the dark.
> Why then, aghast? The truth be told—
> Helpless, his upturned eyes behold
> The shameless stars shed through the night
> Their impudent, unshaded light.

G. DE VAVASOUR

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 501

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Mrs. D. M. Busk, 8 Southdown Ave., Lewes, Sussex.

ACROSS

1. You'd get such a look from anyone in spectacles. (6)
4. Silk screws. (6)
10. Footballer player. (9)
11. The sea breeze brings us fresh supplies of it. (5)
12. Takes out of bond as it were. (7)
13. This weapon sounds like Henry VIII's bird. (7)
14. Balls for evacuees perhaps. (13)
16. Describes one's pets existence. (13)
21. Theotocopuli. (7)
22. Mercurial indication of good weather. (7)
24. Capitalised in Bihar. (5)
25. It was not always the metaphorical point of attack. (9)
26. Some people were very cut up by Jack's exploits. (6)
27. An essay on a fracture of the leg? (6)

DOWN

1. Order to house dog. (6)
2. The High Priest takes an oar. (5)
3. A Northern soldier, civilly speaking, in America. (7)
5. The stuff for disguising the wolf. (7)
6. Such people of course would not even hear the sermons Jaques discoursed of. (9)
7. Stayed firm. (6)
8. What B said to a man of God. (13)
9. Common place for a milk delivery. (13)
15. Butterfly the fruiterer might give as a Christmas Box. (9)
17. The sort of standard one would mean to have of course. (7)
18. In all, a tear shed. (7)
19. Box in the fives court. (6)
20. Class-ical degrees. (6)
23. A lake for the wolf. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

T	H	R	E	E	L	E	G	G	E	D	R	A	C	E
I	■	O	■	N	■	L	■	E	■	E	■	L	■	N
R	E	C	E	I	V	E	■	T	U	M	B	L	E	D
A	■	K	■	H	■	P	■	U	■	A	■	O	■	E
S	A	I	N	T	S	H	I	P	■	R	I	V	E	R
S	■	N	■	■	■	A	■	■	■	C	■	E	■	B
E	G	G	E	D	■	N	O	R	T	H	E	R	L	Y
■	■	H	■	A	■	T	■	E	■	E	■	T	■	■
C	R	O	W	N	L	A	N	D	■	S	A	H	I	B
H	■	R	■	C	■	■	■	S	■	■	■	E	■	A
A	I	S	L	E	■	T	H	E	R	E	A	P	E	R
L	■	E	■	H	■	A	■	T	■	E	■	L	■	O
D	E	F	R	A	Y	S	■	T	E	R	R	A	I	N
E	■	L	■	L	■	S	■	E	■	G	■	C	■	E
R	O	Y	A	L	T	O	U	R	N	A	M	E	N	T

London Amusements

THEATRES

MERCURY at Notting Hill Gate. (Park 5700)
THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD
Outliving Wilde, Shaw, Maugham, Milne and Coward. Evgs., 6.30. Mats: Wed., Th., Sat., 2.30. Limited Run.

UNITY. (Eus. 5391.) EVENINGS, ex. Mons., 7.30.
A Tonic for Democrats.
SANDBAG FOLLIES
Seats, 1/6, 2/6, 3/6. Members Only.
(Subscription 1/- a year, Share 1/-).

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BY SPECIAL LICENCE
the greatest film of our time
PROFESSOR MAMLOCK (A, London).
An unforgettable experience.

BERKELEY CINEMA, Berkeley St. May 8505
FERNANDEL
in the Gay Topical Military Farce
"IGNACE" (A).
The Rollicking Adventures of France's Conscript No. 1.

FILMS—continued

EVERYMAN (opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham 2285
MONDAY, OCTOBER 16th, FOR SEVEN DAYS,
CONRAD VEIDT in
I WAS A SPY (A)
OWN A.R.P. SHELTER IN BASEMENT.

RESTAURANTS

THE diner's dream of home. RULES, Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Estd. 1780.

GREEK RESTAURANT. The White Tower, 1 Percy Street, Tottenham Court Road. Museum 2187. For Greek and Near Eastern food and wines at their best. Shashliks, Stuffed Vine-leaves, Raki, Retsina wine, etc. Business as usual. Open on Sundays.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. MUS. 6428.

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MEETINGS IN ENGLISH, FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN, GERMAN AND RUSSIAN. PROGRAMME AS USUAL.
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Rates and all information on page 535

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

THE GILT-EDGED THAW—"TAX-SAVERS"—LONDON TRANSPORT C—"HOUSE" EVACUATION

IF we were lucky enough to possess an economic policy for war purposes, it is pretty certain that there would be no minister competent or empowered to carry it out. So why worry? While Sir John Simon remains Chancellor of the Exchequer I am convinced that no policy can exist except one of economic black-out accompanied by Stock Exchange freeze. Fortunately for Sir John, the City generally ascribes to his Treasury officials an uncanny cleverness and foresight in financial affairs. It is therefore looking confidently to a further cheapening of short-term money designed to bring support to British Government stocks and pave the way for the issue of the gigantic new war loans. Thus, the gilt-edged market is even beginning to thaw a little. The short-dated stocks have risen and it has actually been possible to sell old Consols, War Loan and Local Loans. Old Consols and Locals are actually above their minimum prices. If this goes on, the minimum prices may gradually become effective, the whole market may become free and the Treasury will then be credited with saying "I told you so." What I suspect really happened is that the Treasury advised Sir John Simon on the outbreak of war that there would be a wholesale liquidation of British-owned funds on Wall Street, and that the repatriation and reinvestment of these funds in London would tend to support the gilt-edged market at the minimum prices. Unfortunately Wall Street only boomed for a week and the British investor is not tempted to sell his American stocks except in a raging bull market. Moreover, he tends to liquidate first his more speculative Wall Street stocks which would not ordinarily be reinvested in British Government issues. What is now thawing the gilt-edged market is the gradual accumulation of idle balances on this side of the Atlantic (for which the Simon slump is mainly responsible), some of which are finding a home in British Government stocks because there is no other outlet available.

* * *

What should the private investor choose in the gilt-edged market? Income is usually his first consideration but in this case I would advise him to tighten his financial belt still more and choose the medium-dated stocks with low interest coupons, thus making a capital profit on redemption which is not subject to the monstrous income tax of 7*s.* 6*d.* Here are the ideal stocks for this purpose.

	Price	Gross Yields % Flat	Adjusted Redemption*
Funding 2½% 1956–61 ..	79⅞xd	£3 2 9	£4 10 3
Funding 2¾% 1952–57 ..	88⅛	3 2 6	4 1 9
Funding 3% 1959–69 ..	87⅞xd	3 8 3	3 18 9

* Gross equivalent of net redemption yield with tax at 7*s.* 6*d.*

In my opinion Funding 2½ per cent. is the pick of the gilt-edged market for the private investor harassed by the income tax collector. Incidentally, it is no good advertisement to the jobbing system on the Stock Exchange to see London Transport C stock still quoted at the minimum price of 65 although the final dividend has been passed and the stock yields only 2½ per cent. on last year's total distribution of 1½ per cent. If the jobber knew what compensation would be paid to the London Transport Board by the Government for the costly A.R.P. works it has been forced to undertake in the national interest and for the interruption to London travelling which the Government's evacuation and black-out plans have brought about, I might understand the freezing of the C stock at 65, but no one knows anything, not even the Treasury. When will the Government announce what it will pay to the railways for wartime havoc and the militaristic control which is destroying utterly any goodwill the railways ever built up among the travelling public?

* * *

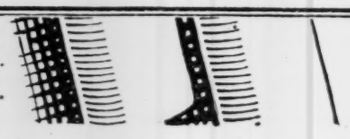
The Stock Exchange Committee seems to have made its evacuation plans too late. The proposal to move to Denham Studios is not finding much support from members and if an air raid makes assembly in the House impossible or dangerous, dealings will be carried on, I imagine, by telephone between jobbers' and brokers' offices. The natural course of evacuation to a provincial Stock Exchange is not even discussed, for the hatred between the London jobbers and the provincial is something worse than between the Poles and the Germans.

Think of a number

Think of Player's No. 3 when you're wanting a cigarette of delightful mellowness and excellent flavour — superb in quality and with that distinguished fragrance which critical smokers demand.

PLAYER'S NUMBER 3
PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

20 · 1/6d.
50 · 3/8d.



3.P.63 R.

"Yes,"

"Yes," replied the Marquise, tapping her magnificent incisors with a priceless paper-knife. "My people always keep their hair and lose their teeth." "My dear mother saved my own teeth from the family fate; made me acquire the habit of brushing them night and morning. Do you know, darling," continued she, laying her famous emerald ring earnestly upon the visitor's knee, "I learned to associate a tube of Euthymol with the back of a hairbrush long before I thought of it in connection with the front of a toothbrush. Happy, happy days," sighed she, stirring gently upon her silken cushions . . . "Ah me! Years and tubes — tubes and years. And I've still got them all —not the tubes, darling, the teeth!" Try this scientific dentifrice for yourself. A large tube costs 1s. 3d. from any chemist.

Holiday Suggestions

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SAFETY Zone. Superior Country Guest House; 8 miles Brighton; all modern comfort; vacancy for one couple or two sharing; large sunny balcony room (twin beds); highest references. "The Chase," Albourne, Sussex.

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BENBECULA, DITCHLING, SUSSEX. Small Guest House. Delightful position facing Downs. H. & C. in all rooms. Moderate terms. Telephone: Hassocks 146.

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TORQUAY, Howden Court Hotel. 4 minutes to sea by private path, garden, attractive sun lounge. Private sitting rooms and private bathrooms if required. A.A. appointed. Tel.: 280711.

SAFETY Area, Quantocks, Somerset. Private sitting-rooms, electric, bath. 2½ gns. BOOBIER, Glenclose, Holford.

REAL modern comfort, home-grown produce, wonderful Atlantic view, 2 acres, all go to make holidays at Rockingham, Westward Ho! Devon, ideal. 2½–4 gns. MISS FOLL (Northam 183).

SAFE and peaceful. West Somerset. Superior farm-house accommodation between Dulverton, Minehead. Riding. Rough shooting. Telephone: Dulverton 95. Box 4773.

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